

## SANTA CLAUS IS EVERYWHERE AND BUSY AS EVER

Man has always been sure of himself; aye, and proud of himself; but never more so than to-day. "Why, to-day we have reached the millennium! We have Radio, an' Autos, an' aeroplanes, an' education, an'—an' ever' thing!" Perhaps so. One thing, though, we have not got. We are not truthful. You doubt me? Well, what about the mock-Santa Claus? How can any child respect a parent who supports the fat, greasy mock-Santa Claus, with his oilcloth boots and shoddy tobacco-stained beard. Around Christmas, the city is full of him, and you see him every way you turn, until your head is spinning. He pops up unexpectedly in all sorts of places, each time with a new face and new whiskers. Look into the Five-and-Ten Cent Store and you will see him, muttering broken English through a heavy quid of Macdonald's, as he hands out advertisements. Step into Ogilvy's, and you meet him again. Here he has an extra (black) moustache, peeping roguishly through the underbrush. Outside, you find him standing beside a camp-kettle affair marked "Salvation Army", with his hands deep in his overcoat-pockets, shuffling his feet to keep them warm.

Big Claus, Little Claus—all shapes and sizes—all degrees of dinginess, from the laughably crude Sunday-school Claus to the retired organ-man with real white whiskers. What a cruel parody on the kindly old gentleman they are supposed to represent! Picture the Christmas spirit of a child brought up on this, whose patron saint is a dirty old vagrant with bleared eyes and false whiskers. What child could sleep soundly if he expected the rogue to come tumbling down the chimney? How could he regard Christmas as anything more than a "grab-bag", where we snatch as much as possible and give as little in exchange as we can get away with? Thus "Christmas" becomes "Xmas", a time of much eating and little thought—a festival of selfishness; when a man stuffs himself into invincibility, and then gives ten cents to "poor families" to ease his conscience. Ah, we are sunk pretty low in this respect! Our god is the God of the Full Paunch, and our ambition a gluttony that nothing in the world can excuse. We can only plead temporary insanity.

How can we remedy the situation, but by striking at the root—the degenerate Christmas Spirit—and its representatives, the bogus Santa Claus. What say we kill a few of the impostors off?—or, say, divest them of their finery and drive them back to their organ-grinding?

It is time for action, not words, and the false must be done away with. Let us collect the fakers; string them together like freshmen and herd them crestfallen through the streets, to the music of hisses and bursting ripe eggs. Then pick out some kind old grandfather who loves children, whose whiskers are genuine and unstained, and let him be the Father Christmas, not of one dry-goods store but of all the city. We will have a basis of truth, at least, on which to build a real Christmas.

## The Joys Of Spending The Holidays At Home Are Many

Almost every hour McGill men and women are leaving Montreal to enjoy Christmas in distant homes. If any of these were asked "Do you enjoy each minute of the Christmas holidays?" they would reply in an emphatic affirmative. And why not? They have been away from home for a long time, perhaps, since the end of September, and they are on their way to every kind of fun and frolic.

When they arrive in some well-known railroad station, they are met by joyful parents and clamorous brothers and sisters. They are welcomed as though winners of the Victoria Cross to their homes where all is ready for their coming. They rush into the familiar old house, and greet the whole family for the fourth time, individually and collectively, charging into the kitchen to get the dear familiar smell of baking cakes, and then scampering away to change into old and comfortable clothes. They are pampered during the day, and the world is at their feet. No one, certainly not the city students, begrudges them the tribute that is theirs, but it is a fact that to want is to have, with them. They do what they will, the only restriction being "the cupboard in my room, my dear, for it is full of Christmas surprises."

Glorious words, that have been ringing in their ears since the last hectic week in Montreal, when lectures made way for shopping. Each member of the family draws the holiday-maker aside to describe in copious detail the nature of the gifts for the others, while the only topic of conversation is Christmas, and the arrangements therefore. They inspect the fatted turkey, and comment on its portly appearance; they test the Yule-tide apples; they sample the specially-made cakes, and the whole time is one vast preparation for Christmas.

But the students do no work, unless they insist upon it. (Few of them do). They are easily convinced that they have been overworking, and one and all of the family urge them to take a "good load". Little pressing is needed.

At last Christmas comes, and passes all expectations. Words are powerful. (Continued on Page Six)

## A Song

(by Corina)

My heart is like a garden  
And you, the rose that bloom there;  
And so your beauty fills it,  
For others there's no room there.  
The sun shines brightly overhead,  
And flushes your fair cheek with red.  
My heart is like a garden,  
And you, the rose that bloom there.  
My heart is like a treasure-chest,  
And you, the pearl that rest there,  
For thrown away all other joys,  
And only kept the best there.  
The caskets' rough unpolished grain  
But serves to make your lustre plain,  
My heart is like a treasure-chest,  
And you, the pearl that rest there.  
My red, red rose is withered,  
Its petals blown and scattered,  
My pearl has fallen decayed apart,  
That my fond folly flattered.  
The clouds veil thick my sunny sky  
No treasure left to me have I,  
My red, red rose is withered,  
My treasure's fragments scattered.

## Sir Arthur's Christmas Message



*The birthright of custom which has descended to us through the centuries holds no better legacy than the custom of Christmas. We take a respite from the struggle of life, we forget awhile the sorrows and cares which fill the earth, we welcome to our homes and to our hearts good cheer and good will. The habit of a thousand years bids us rejoice and see to it that others share our joy.*

*I am glad to take this opportunity of wishing you all a very happy Christmas and a pleasant holiday season, and of offering you a sincere god-speed for the coming year.*

*Arthur*

## Christmas At Home

Yuletide Customs of many Lands Described  
by McGill Students.



HE fact that McGill draws students from the four corners of the earth has been strikingly illustrated during the last few days. At the beginning of the week, a timorous, worried reporter, bidden to produce an article on Christmas by a heartless editor, started asking undergraduates to whom he was personally known for descriptions of their distant homes at this season of the year. "What are the Christmas celebrations like in your country?" was the question tossed at various people on and around the Campus. And every time, the enquiry resulted in a flood of wistful remembrances of the joys being missed this season.

From Bermuda was the first narrator. In addition to the time honoured customs dear to every British heart, the Islanders of the Atlantic have one feature of their Christmas day celebrations found nowhere else. In the centre of the groaning dining table, flanked by steaming turkeys and juicy roast beef, is found a vast Cassava Pie. Every delicacy placed on festive boards in other parts of the Empire at this time is given an honoured position on the Bermudian table, but the Pie is the centre of interest—and with justice. The pie is large, one of ordinary size being some two feet long by one and a half feet wide.

And the contents of this wonderful dish are in proportion to its size. Large pieces of pork, plump chickens, great cuts of veal and between three and four dozen eggs are a few of the things found in the pie of ordinary magnitude. On top of all this is naturally placed the paste. And the paste is worthy of its exalted position. Made from the Cassava roots, found throughout the West Indies, it rises, when properly cooked in a brick oven, until it is about six inches thick. The whole preparation, in the words of the exiled Bermudian, is "very rich and very popular."

(Continued on Page Two)

## OLD FIDDLER'S STORIES WARM YOUNG HEARTS

To the vast majority of passers-by who make up the eddying crowds which surge along St. Catherine Street in the busy hours of the day he is only an old blind man scraping a wheezy fiddle to implore a pitiful penny, and even those who pause for a moment to drop a coin into the outstretched battered hat hurry on again with scarcely more than a vague wonder as to the identity and history of the old musician.

But not so Benny and Louie.

To these two little street arabs the fiddler is a philosopher and friend. They have known him intimately, as they consider it, ever since the day three years ago when, Benny then aged eight and Louie six, the pair brought their combined savings—a battered nickel and eight dirty coppers—and dropped them in the hat of the old man whose fiddling had been their only introduction to the divine raptures of music. Perhaps their friendship for the little girl who lends her young eyes for the guidance of her blind grandfather may have had something to do with their lavish generosity; but, be that as it may, it is with the old man that they most delight to talk.

Early in the morning they pass down the street looking for him in one of his usual haunts, propped against the railing of a church or in the shelter of the entrance to a large store. Every third day they have a penny for their friend, and in the quiet time before the rush hours begin he lays aside his instrument and bow to tell these two ragged little boys of the strange things he has known and seen when he was young and could still gaze on the sunlight and see the forms of people passing by.

From the slow streams of memory he fishes up strange recollections, and astonishes his young hearers with adventures which for him are over and done with, but the like of which, perhaps, still await two sturdy little lads when they grow up and set out for themselves in the great wide world. He tells of an endless trek in a covered waggon across the prairies, of buffaloes hunted down and the smoking meat eaten around huge camp fires, of opium-eating Chinamen, under dim paper lanterns in San Francisco, of bivouacs beneath the red cedar trees. He tells how a Dago knifed him down some alley in Sacramento, and how he was robbed of all his gold by smooth sharpers out west.

Benny and Louie are never tired of listening to these tales, but after a time the old man's voice becomes tremulous and his hand shaky. Then he picks up his bow, and the old songs of his youth squeak and quaver from his battered fiddle.

Louie, being young and very audacious, one day boldly asked him how he lost his sight.

"Did a bear scratch your eyes," he piped, "or was it Red Indians?"

But the old fiddler was playing "Swanee River", and he answered nothing.

## He Was A Verdant Freshman And A Model One At That

This is the story of a model youth. Euclid Henry Ford Jones was a freshman, green as the most glorious grass that ever graced the verdant meadows, soft as liquid soap, and intelligent as the most skilled protagonist of the theories of Einstein. Until the age of eighteen he had worn Eaton collars, large bow ties, short trousers, and a skull cap; but with his advent into the university, which was about as mild as sailing in a sailing boat when there is no wind, he had donned the high school garb and donned the clothes of the college man. Not only did he do them, but he stepped the whole pace to the extent of bell trousers, rain-shedding, dome-covered, silver-lace walking-cane, spotted bow tie that shrieked like a howling wind, and horn-rimmed glasses, with plain glass. In truth Euclid Henry had changed the outward form but the inward was ever the same.

With the passing of time Euclid found himself on the verge of the goblin-turkey and -tuck-in-pudding season, with its mistletoe, holly, and other remnants of David superstition, and hastening to what he still termed the "depot", he exchanged the necessary shakels for a little slip of paper which was to take him to Almaras, Ontario, that home town of his which still was to him the snappiest little big town this side of the border. Being model he carefully packed all his new found glory in his great-grandfather's tin box and he also carefully placed at the bottom of the pseudo-trunk those books which he was required to read in order to pass his semi-annual hurdles raised by a cruel professorate. Euclid had been told by his fellow-students that it was the custom to study during the holidays; and "custom" was the god which Euclid Henry worshipped both night and day.

But not only did he pack his concentrated knowledge. When he had arrived home, he unpacked those precious tomes and taking them up to his room, which was still decorated in spotless white and baby blue, he proceeded to devour the information which lay before him. Firmly he believed that other students were

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## Xmas Bells

(A. M. R. V. C. '27)

Ring out ye bells from steeples high  
That tower o'er our city dim;  
Oh, tell with joy—the day is nigh,  
That day whose dawn first welcomed Him  
In Bethlehem.

Ring out ye bells, tell once again  
Of shepherds seeing angels bright,  
Whose joyful carols filled the plain,  
Carols of Jesus born that night,  
In Bethlehem.

Ring out ye bells—ring near, ring far,  
Oh hark ye stars! Bells tell once more,  
Of those wise men who watched His star,  
And brought Him rich gifts from afar,  
To Bethlehem.

Sing out ye bells from steeples high,  
That tower o'er our city dim;  
Till our chief wish and longing, aye,  
Sole longing be, to be like Him  
Of Bethlehem.



# McGill Daily

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1924.

## THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

With a leap and a bound the Christmas season is upon us. From around the corner of the house of Time it came and before we knew what had happened it had arrived leaving the after-autumn dreariness behind and showing us the freshness and whiteness of a new-born winter and the pleasures and joys of the holiday season. And having seen these visions, we, the undergraduates of McGill, smile with gleeful anticipation, and casting our worries, mid-term and otherwise, to the four winds, even as did some of the ancients with the ashes of their departed, prepared to go forth in festival array for a round of pleasure, of mirth, and of joy.

But stop! From where does this spirit of rejoicing come? Why, at this season of the year especially, do our hearts warm with friendly feelings towards our fellowmen, so that we give 'him' socks and ties, 'her' vanity cases and silk hose, and "them" Christmas cards, and what-nots? Because, perhaps, an historical angel announced to the wondering shepherds of nineteen centuries ago that unto them "was born in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord," while more angels, a veritable host, sang "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Be that as it may; the custom has been set and for one day in the year at least the civilized world pays tribute to Him whose influence has extended down through the centuries, bringing with it the feelings of brotherhood and eternal justice. With holly wreaths in the windows of the nation, with the mistletoe hanging within doors, and with Christmas trees in the living rooms and parlours, the people are prepared to celebrate the annual festival. Grumpy men will smile for a week-end; the Scrooges of the land will dream dreams and be reformed; employers will extend cordial greetings and even occasional bonuses to their employees; erstwhile angry maids will smile upon erstwhile irate men; the lion will lie down beside the lamb; the snake in the bosom of its benefactor will forget its sting for the while; and the sceptics and cynics will join in their Christmas choruses.

"Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly:  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:  
Then heigh ho, the holly!  
This life is most jolly."

But then a few swift days will slip their way into the abyss of dead things from which nothing returns; and with their good resolutions for the New Year securely placed away for keeping in the safe of forgetfulness, the peoples of many lands will go their way throughout the coming days, forgetting the better-selves that lived for the brief space of the Christmas season, donning the cloaks of business, of hate, of injustice, and of greed, instead of the cloak of Christianity.

So be it. Our world will not reform the world, but we hope that you, and you, will have a merry, merry Christmas, and a happy New Year. May there be happiness in your lives and in the lives of those with whom you come in contact during the holiday season, and here's wishing that you may find the true Christmas spirit, with its peace, contentment and happiness.

But would it not be wonderful if we all could keep the Christmas spirit, not only for the next two weeks, but throughout the entire year and even for all time? Remarkable things have happened in the past; remarkable things will happen in the future.

## THANKS

To all those who, by their kindness in contributing to this issue of the Daily, aided in the production of an enlarged Christmas feature issue, the Editors desire to express their sincerest thanks. If this issue be a success it is due in no small measure to the assistance which they so kindly gave. It is always gratifying to have concrete proof that students not on the staff of the paper take an interest in its welfare.

## CONDENSED COMMENT

We wish to draw the attention of our readers to the special illustrated feature of the Christmas Daily which it has been our good fortune to be able to present. This has only been possible through the courtesy and kind co-operation of Colonel Wilfred Bovey, who has placed the Duff etchings, of which he is the owner, at our disposal, and who has allowed us to make use of his illuminating article on the history of McGill and its founders which originally appeared in the Canadian Magazine. It is to him chiefly, then, that we are indebted for an interesting and extremely beautiful pictorial souvenir of "Old McGill."

At considerable expense, the Daily has made provision for the publication of 500 extra copies of to-day's issue. This was done with the hope that students who are returning home for the holidays will take with them a copy of the McGill Daily and show those at home just what McGill looks like and just what is going on within her gates.

## Christmas at Home

Continued from page one

An enthusiast from sunny Italy next told of the ceremonies of his native land. Lengthy celebrations start perhaps five days before Christmas, ending well on into the new year. In the towns every night, is carnival night, when all the people, in carriages, if wealth permits, on foot if poor, go up and down the streets of the place, showering all within reach with confetti and various kinds of sweetmeats. The streets are very colourful, for everybody wears a masque and a multi-coloured paper costume, while floats, gay with decoration, are seen in all directions. Houses are bedecked with flags of every kind, while the stores make special efforts to attract the eye.

On Christmas Day, a family reunion is usually held, the whole party meeting at an immense dinner which lasts well over the two hour mark. Following the meal, a dance is held until High Mass, about ten o'clock, and then more dancing. Christmas presents are exchanged between members of the family only. The same proceedings are followed on New Year's Day, except that gifts are rarer than at Christmas. The poor people are generally excited by raffles, often for a fat cow, which are drawn on New Year's Eve.

In the country parts of Italy, the large landowners never forget to visit their tenants on Christmas Eve, laden with large baskets of "sport", or paltry gifts. Among the richer classes, the events are very like those held by their social equals in the towns.

A man who had served in the Army in India gave an interesting account of the efforts of the "Tommys" to make Christmas resemble the day they were missing in England. And they succeeded extraordinarily well, considering the climate and the country. If the regiment happened to be stationed in the Hills, there would likely be snow on the ground, making the men feel more at home. There was always a large Christmas dinner in the men's mess, with turkeys and plum pudding and other delicacies of the season. The Scotties usually held their dinner on New Year's Day, inviting any English regiments to share their meal. As the English always reciprocated in kind, if battalions from both countries were stationed near each other, the men got two special dinners. The informant could give little information as to the customs of the Christian Indians. All the natives with whom he had come into connection had been Mohammedans.

A well known authority on Indians of the Far West was the next to tell of his experiences. At Christmas time, many tribes he had visited, such as Crees and Blackfeet, sang curious old songs and chants, and repeated ancient folklore. These were generally expressed in a mixture of French patois and Indian tongues, but they bore indisputable evidences of Druidical customs. The explanation of the perpetuation of Druidicalism among Canadian Indians was simple. The early French settlers in Canada still retained Druidical superstitions when they arrived in this country and these they transmitted, through the coureurs-de-bois, to the Indians who not unnaturally associated them with Christmas ceremonies.

Lately returned from China, the next speaker described the "White Christmas" of many of our missions. On the day of the Sunday-School festival, usually held on Christmas Day, all the youthful converts brought to the headquarters small white presents for the poor. White rice was given, or perhaps a white bit of cloth. In doing this, the children unwittingly followed a custom that originated about B.C. 1500, in the Northern Empire. The All Highest in that distant era commanded that faithful subjects make to him, once a year, a present of some object, white, to signify the purity of the donor's love for him. The poorer citizen could give, like the little mission child, a handful of pure rice, the wealthy trader would probably offer a gift of white ivory, or a snow white horse. Thus started a tradition that the Christian missionaries found and turned to good account, for the converts offer their mites to the poor as a proof of the purity of their religious spirit.

In the Christian communities, small dramas are produced to illustrate various stages in the life of Christ. To European eyes, it is exceedingly strange to see the Three Wise Men appear as reverent Chinese professors, or to see the Christ Child with a tiny statue of Buddha sewn to the cap band to ward off the evil spirits. But the Chinese see nothing out of the ordinary in their presentation of the plays; all is done in the most reverent manner possible.

A Canadian, long a resident of Switzerland, gave a few words on the customs of that mountain land. Ice-carnivals, and winter-sport competitions are always found among the Christmas doings in the Alps, but these are largely patronized by holiday-making foreigners. Splendid carnivals are the rule, when the little towns blaze with decorations and the bright colours of the happy crowds. All is carefree and jolly, with no exceptional custom found only in Switzerland. But the Canadian must have thoroughly enjoyed Christmas in Switzerland for he sighed whenever he spoke of them.

A British West Indian, when approached on the Campus, shivered to think of the difference between the winter he will spend in Montreal this year and the ones passed on the sunny shores of Jamaica. There is no snow in Jamaica; at least, he never came upon any. In the sunny south, everybody exchanged presents and cards. The hospitals were overwhelmed with flowers and the poor were rarely forgotten. The speaker had had little experience of Montreal Christmases, but at home, everybody dressed in their old clothes and paraded the streets on Christmas, tossing confetti and flowers at their neighbours, while the children fired off firecrackers to their hearts' delight. The impression of one staying in Canada for the first or second Christmas was that at home participation in the Christmas fun was more universal than here.

Another man, when approached, stated that from Scandinavia came some of the oldest Christmas customs. The most praiseworthy idea of kissing under the mistletoe is one of the most ancient and honoured institutions of that part of Europe, where such curious traditions as hauling the Yule log home for the fire, and of pouring spirits, which are then ignited, over the plum pudding originated and still flourish. All such rites, were in the beginning pagan ceremonies, which were not abolished when the north countries were converted to the Christian faiths, but simply added to the Christmas festivals.

From Antigua, a small British Island in the West Indies, came the story of curious and enjoyable Christmas customs. Starting perhaps a week before the 25th., and ending well into the New Year, bands of young men roam over the island in the early hours of the morning, serenading all whom they meet. The numbers in these groups vary, but always several string instruments are carried, as well as cymbals and drums. At all friendly houses the singers pause and give a selection of Yuletide carols and hymns. After the entertainment, the choir receives refreshments, or pennies, and then starts for another visit.

But the great fun on the Island occurs in the evenings of Christmas week. Every inhabitant who can walk appears on the streets in a multi-coloured dress, an elaborate masque on the face. Much time and trouble are expended on these costumes, which are expensively made from gay silks and satins. The poorest of the Islanders make it a point of honour to be seen bedecked in every fantastic article of dress which they can think of. The shops are elaborately decorated, and with the cheery dress and smiles of the crowd make a Christmas-time sight of Antigua one to be long remembered.

This habit of arraying oneself in every colour of the rainbow has led to the formation of Yuletide Clubs. These are honorary societies, with a membership of about twenty, which exist only for the festivals of the season. Men belonging to clubs drill for some time previously to Christmas week, so that when the celebration time arrives they may parade in the streets with every nicety of a military training evident in their ranks. Each club possesses a highly-prized uniform in which every colour and arrangement of colours known to man appears.

One of these societies, the "Wild Indians", marches through admiring crowds in an exceptionally curious uniform. On the head is worn a military cocked-hat, not unlike those worn by His Majesty's Admirals of the Fleet. The Antiguans vary the shades and tones in their hats, however, in a way that the admirals do not. The tunic is white and green, and is caught around the waist by a golden belt. From the waist to about the knees it hangs in a manner not unlike that of the Highland kilts. The narrator said the appearance of the Wild Indians, as they swept down the street with skirts swirling in the breeze, was glorified by the fact that every bit of the tunic was covered with small mirrors, such as the fair sex use at dances. In the sun, these mirrors blinked and gleamed until the march seemed a mere flashing line. It took an extraordinary number of mirrors to decorate one man, the Antiguian added. Every Wild Indian was armed with a long bow, and a quiver of gay arrows. On his feet were beautiful white moccasins made of rabbit skins.

Other clubs, such as the exclusive Shell-coaters, were beautiful to behold in creamy white shirts, black and gold trousers, high boots, blue coat covered with small shells of various kinds and a sort of helmet or tin hat bright with fresh paint. A tone of distinction was given by a startling scarlet belt, perhaps a foot broad, which encircled the white shirt.

The clubs entertained very lavishly at Christmas time, both in hired halls and at the homes of members. When in the latter, it is customary to unmasque, and before leaving for another source of refreshment, to sing a few songs.

## OUR LINE

To every slogan's earnest plea,  
My best attention I would pay;  
I cross all crossings cautiously,  
I eat an apple every day,  
My tender words with flowers I say;  
In this alone I deviate  
From virtue's strait, bromidic way:  
I do my Christmas shopping late.

It is not my propensity  
Neglectful habits to display;  
No other duties do I flee  
That text and proverb on me lay.  
But we have all our feet of clay,  
In this I am inveterate:  
Though sense and conscience may  
Inveigh,  
I do my Christmas shopping late.

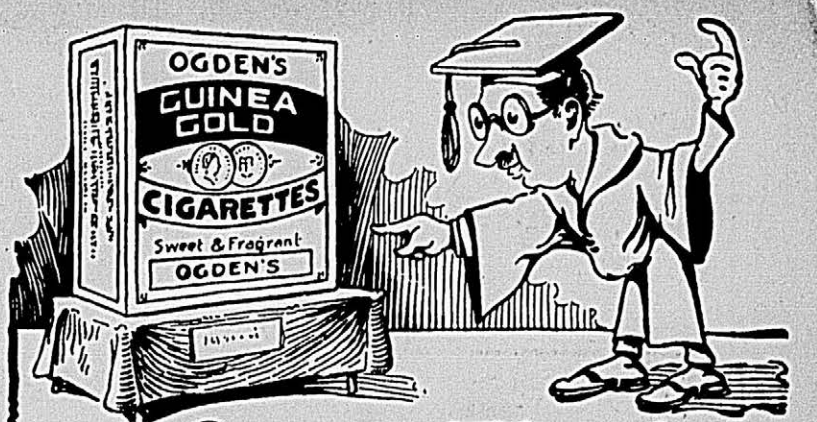
Forgive me, sologaneers, I pray,  
Perfection is not mortal state;  
These flying weeks my a/oth betray,  
I do my Christmas shopping late.  
Campus.

## A Christmas Poem

Nigh two thousand years ago,  
In a manger crude and low,  
Mary laid the Christ child dear,  
Though the cattle slept so near.

Guided by a star above,  
Wise men brought them gifts of love.  
At his feet their treasures laid,  
Praising God for this sweet babe.

Angels all around him sang,  
Soft music in their voices rang,  
Peace on Earth, to men, Goodwill,  
Lord, their songs may we hear still.



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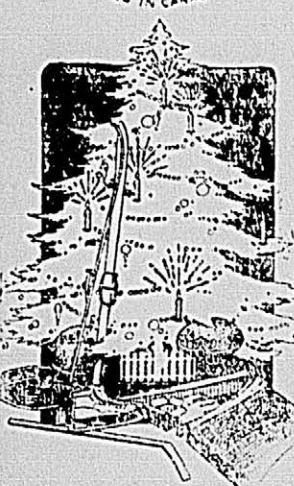
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# The Mausoleum

BY HENDRICK VAN LOON

(Published by courtesy of "The New Student")

It really is quite useless, my writing upon this subject. Whenever I open my mouth and say something about football, the answering chorus is, "Oh well, but how could we expect a poor foreigner to understand our national game?" And then follows a Chant of Praise to the wondrous and altogether-marvelous effect of the game upon our academic, our national and our racial life. Until I subside and ask whether anyone has seen "The Ten Commandments." For somehow or other, that shoddy and maudlin representation of a tin Moses seems to bear the same relation to the true story of Exodus as modern college football has to a sound development of healthy sport. And whenever I contemplate the sombre mausoleums that stand in Cambridge and New Haven and Princeton (and that some day will stand wherever three yokels are met together in the name of Higher Learning) I feel inclined to regard them as the tomb-stones underneath which repose the ancient and honorable ideals of the free Commonwealth of Scholars.

Mind you, I have nothing against the stadia (or stadiums or stadiumses, or whatever you wish to call them in an un-Greek age.) This is a free world. Go ahead and build all the stadiums and hooch-factories and bawdies-houses you wish, but do not build them on the campus. For these temples of greed are erected to other Gods than those that ought to be worshipped within the confines of an honorable Republic of Letters. Wherefor, in my simple mind, I condemn them from now on and evermore. Amen.

Of course, I know the usual answer; the cheering crowds, the gay sights, the strong virile he-men, idolizing the even stronger, more virile he-coach, the grand young future before the boy that makes the winning punt, admitted straightway to a prominent position as bond-chaser in Lee Higginson's well-known counting-house. Suppose that all these things were true, which they are not, what in God's name have they to do with University life?

The cheering crowds use the football game as an anesthetic for their own vacuous boredom. They would rush in triple numbers to bull-fights if these were allowed on the northern banks of the Rio Grande.

The strong, virile he-men, eleven (or a hundred if you count in the subs) out of four or five thousand candidates, nine times out of ten are muts with heavy muscles and heavy hams cajoled into an academic career by the promise of certain indulgences compared to which the indulgencies which so upst the honest soul of the Rev. Dr. Martinus Luther were innocent rain-checks.

While they are undergoing what is commonly called "training" they are fed disgusting slabs of red beef and are therefore unable to do any work which requires concentrated attention such as the learning by heart of the table of multiplication or the Statute of Limitations. They are fed warmed-over editorials by Doc. Crane about "Jesus on the Bleachers" and Saint Paul on the Field of Battle, and this may account for the fact that they cheat with a sort of early-Christian simplicity which is almost touching.

My career as a member of diverse faculties was not very long. But I have an unpleasant recollection of valorous young Rolands being reluctantly removed from the rolls for cribbing in such profound subjects as Applied Ethics and Elementary Economics.

The coaches I remember as hard-working professionals who for all the world might have been directing a gang of stevedores or coal-heavers if fate had not thrown them into the easier job of bossing raw but willing youngsters on the banks of the Charles or above Cayuga's waters.

As for the golden future which awaited these Crusaders of the Gridiron, I possess no statistics but offhand I would say that most of them became in after-life exactly what they had been in college, rather ramiable but hopelessly second-rate white collar slaves. The few "Big Bills" and "Old Ed's" who are forever being dragged out as an example of what-football-will-do-for-you are not exactly the sort of people you would select as specimens should the Good Lord ever ask us for a few contributions to his Museum of Representative Citizens.

Then what remains?

A circus.

A circus maintained by and for and of the alumni and their idle lady-friends.

That the alumnus is a thrice-cursed evil to the college which he left ten or twenty years before, all those who have ever studied the subject know. He sees the old place through a haze from old jimmy-pipes (ten dollars at Ye College Shoppe) yodels the academic National Anthem whenever he gets drunk at his class dinner and then decides that it is time to do something for "Good Old Penn."

This "doing something for the old place" usually means doing something which gives him (the grad) some definite advantage or pleasure and which has no connection whatever with the college itself except that it bears the same name, like Harvard beer or Yale suspenders. As the diploma upon the wall of his billiard-rooms shows that he has spent four years forgetting how to think for himself, he easily believes those slogans of success which are provided unto the present generation by the eminent spiritual leaders of the loca Pelman Institute.

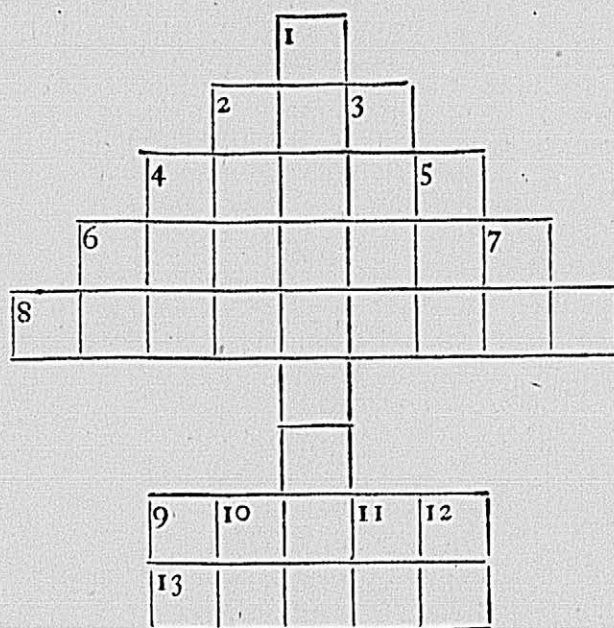
They all talk of red-blood and fighting-men and a triumphant democracy, learning to buck the Line of Life on the Gridiron of Youth. If you think that I exaggerate, read through the accumulated files of our October and November magazines, and if you are not in a hurry, wallow through this rubbish for a while just to see what sticky stuff it is.

Of course if the alumnus asked his beloved president or his dear old professors about it, he would hear differently. But he never asks them about anything. He regards these good people as slightly imbecile and super-annuated retainers who have failed to make a success of things and who had better shut up, now that their salaries have been increased by ten dollars and forty-nine cents every term during the last five years. He tolerates them; but he would have lief ask their opinion upon the subject of stock-investing as upon that of education. And so he goes in for football. For that, after all, gives him the greatest chance to splurge with his new car and his new wife and to go back to the dear old place and make a damned nuisance of himself.

Some day we shall have a college president who will possess private means and a serious sense of his high obligations and he shall shout these things from the top of the nearest stadium. Then the assembled alumni, led on by the professional coaches, trainers, rubbers nose-guard manufacturers and the sport jugglers of our esteemed newspapers shall set up such a howl that the Board of Trustees regrettably but firmly, shall insist upon the immediate resignation of their Commander-in-Chief.

So why, I repeat it, should I try and give you my opinion?

## Take It Home To The Folks



### A CHRISTMAS CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

The definitions in this puzzle have been made as difficult as is consistent with fair definition. The author has taken this liberty in view of the fact that there are but twenty-five words in the puzzle and every word interlocks, an absence of blanks making this possible.

#### HORIZONTAL.

- 1.—A local institution whose members greatly appreciate Xmas. (abbrev.)
- 2.—All humorous papers agree that this interferes with perfect enjoyment of Xmas.
- 3.—Collections of winged hypotheses.
- 4.—An island in the South Seas.
- 5.—Adds impetus to the reindeer's speed.
- 13.—What the reindeer does in the off season.

#### VERTICAL.

- 1.—When this is present, await the present.
- 2.—Star gazers.
- 3.—What comes down the chimney.
- 4.—The first three letters of the Roman Goddess of agriculture, mother of Proserpine.
- 5.—The first three consonants in an eight-letter word meaning a liquid preparation for external application.
- 6.—A nautical safety device, two words. (abbrev.)
- 7.—A country that always has green Xmas. (abbrev.)
- 9.—A military punishment. (abbrev.)
- 10.—The chief Egyptian personification of the Supreme Being.
- 11.—First and last letters of 9 Horizontal.
- 12.—First and last letters of an intriguing ceremony connected with mistletoe.

## Cross-word Puzzles Under The Microscope

Montreal, December, 9 1924.  
(By "W" Science.)

Fellow students, permit me, to help to clear up a few mythical, mystical and mysterious points connected with the history and origin of the wily, world-wide, modern menace—Cross Word Puzzles. What follows is absolutely authentic, having been drawn in part from one of those cast steel memories, and, in part, from that rare pre-Volstead type of imagination.

Some of the more ardent devotees of this weird art claim that it formed the basis of the educational system in the early palaeolithic universities, as well as being used as an infallible emetic in their sanatoriums. Tradition tells us that the neolithic country gentleman had reached the point where they could completely express themselves by means of small squares arranged in different ways, two such squares side by side meaning luck, and three grouped triangularly meaning old or discarded articles. To the present day with the simple addition of seven dots, the two squares mean luck while the third spheres of the modern pawn broker greatly resemble in cluster and meaning, the ancient squares, the progenitor of our cross-word puzzle.

During the cave dwelling period no progress was made in the evolution, due to the demand for increased remuneration on the part of the candle makers union which prevented our endeared fur-fathers from participating therein, for on returning from a wearying ramble in quest of the rapidly disappearing dinothorium he had seldom more time than was required to chastise his loving spouse ere evening's shades bade him cease his piteous pilgrims until, upon the morrow, the gentle dancing sun beams should cast again their brightness on his hairy "mug".

## A Camp Fire By Night

My happiness reaches its highest height.  
When I behold the wondrous sight,  
And feel the spell of a fire by night,  
I love to see the bright flames rise

Into the darkness of the skies,  
To wonder at the curling bark,  
And that so very live a spark,  
Should find its death in the dull dark!

To watch the lighted faces round me,  
To watch the lighted faces round me  
Contentment on each one I see,  
And thus I hope 'twill always be.

Now one by one the stars appear  
Shedding their silver light down here,  
The crimson reflections on the lake,  
Watch it shimmer, dance and shake.

The crackling of wood no longer I hear,  
We've come to the end of our fire, I fear,  
So with many a solemn sigh  
I watch the last few embers die.

But those dying embers are still  
With living memories my heart they fill

As nations began to spring up, languages become more widely different, we would hear, now and then, of an ambitious ruler's boast of his power, his civilisation, and his cross-word puzzles. It is said that Philip the Great had Cross-Word Puzzles published in great quantities, which Alexander's aces would scatter far and wide to the unsuspecting victims of the Great Conqueror's ambition, thus on invasion finding then totally unprepared or in a state of mental collapse.

This subject is far too extensive to treat completely in my very limited space, suffice it then to mention a few of the more important historical appearances. It has been shown without a doubt that the reason TuTuankamen's body turned black after embalming was that in his youth he had been too much addicted to hard liquor and Crossed Characteristic Problems. Julius Caesar ran up a large long distance telephone account with Egypt just getting tips from Cleo. (words like Asp etc.) Coleridge first heard of Kubla Kahn in one of them, and most of us heard about him from Coleridge. Dante included them in his inferno. It is affirmed by all grand Kleagles, that that

proposition that King Asa in 12 England believed every man should do, was to work out one Cross-Word a day. King Cook attributes his downfall to them. And lastly but not least, they have supplanted hazing in many of our modern universities.

In conclusion let me mention that the late and notorious author Tony Word a day gets you on the String, Franks wrote a book called "A Cross-Word a day gets you on the String," while Belanger states that in excess they might lead a man to neglect his duty.

Moral:—A word in the head is worth two in the Dictionary.

### EXTRA COPIES

In anticipation of a great demand upon them, five hundred extra copies of the Daily and Supplement are being printed this morning. These will be placed in the Union, in charge of the Porter. In respect for the effort involved in editing the paper, and in order that each student may procure a copy, it is requested that there be as little wastage as possible.

### REFRESHING FRANKNESS

There is a feeling too prevalent that newspapers are not always as devoted to the truth in discussing politics as other topics. Perhaps that accounts for a remarkable statement in the Carolina Jefferson this week. Announcing a change of editors, it says: "We therefore, announce that hereafter our policy, politically shall be independent. On all other questions we will endeavor to print the truth." Its readers will know what to expect. Such frankness is rare.—Raleigh (N.C.) News and Observer.



## A MERRY CHRISTMAS

May your Christmas be full of Good cheer and may the New Year bring you happiness and prosperity.

Do not forget our January clean-up sale offers real bargains.

Wm. McLaughlin  
21 McGill College Avenue

## Would you like—

to view the rural charms of Shakespeare's country?  
to stroll beneath the ancient elms at Oxford?  
to play in Paris—see the famous galleries at the Louvre and the historic Pantheon?  
to walk where our Canadian troops fought for our freedom?  
to behold the famous Hall of Mirrors at Versailles?  
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In answer to the call for pearls and more pearls, Paris has devised literally a score of lovely effects, that exacting Fashion may be appeased.

As is to be expected, ever alert to the new and smart, the Birks displays reflect all the latest foibles in imitation pearls.



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Ladies' Department	
Scarves	from \$2.00
Gloves	" 1.00
Cardigans	" 6.50
Sweaters	" 10.00
Jumpers	" 6.00
Wool Taffeta Shirt Waists	" 8.50
Fancy Hose	from 3.75
Dressing Gowns	" 27.50

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## INVITATION B.W. AND F. MEET PROVIDED MANY FINISHED BOUTS BEFORE LARGE CROWD

**Program Consistently Good—McGill Successful in Seven Out of Sixteen—Greenberg, McEvoy, and Adams win in Wrestling—Taylor Makes Good Showing in Boxing—Marshall and Dixon Also Win—Distinguished Men As Officials—Burland's Orchestra**

Sixteen bouts, eight boxing, seven wrestling, and one fencing, featured one of the most successful B. W. and F. smokers held at McGill for a number of years past. Arranged by the Athletic Board expressly to stimulate interest in the noble sport, the large crowd that filled the ball room of the Union was treated to a card that was consistently good from start to finish. In the wrestling McGill was particularly successful, winning three out of the seven bouts and drawing one. Greenberg, McEvoy, and Adams defeating their several opponents. In the boxing Kneec won a close bout, while in the boxing Taylor, Dixon, and Marshall were awarded the decision. Considerable credit is due to the McGill boxers, however when it is considered that only one of them was college champion.

Throughout the evening the crowd behaved in a most sportsmanlike manner, evoking special thanks from the announcer at the close of the programme. Before the commencement "Bobby" Burland's orchestra delighted the crowd with several well rendered selections. The referees were Mr. E. M. Brosseau for the boxing and Mr. A. V. Hamilton for the wrestling. The judges were Messrs. M. H. Turner, T. Miller, P. Shackell, P. Beaubien, and Cowley. M. Raimondi and Mr. J. Long Jr. officiated at the fencing bout.

The programme was started with a fencing exhibition between Markus of the Sword Club of Montreal and Howard Kneec of McGill.

Kneec won the decision 5 points to 3. In the first bout of the evening which was boxing E. Bernard of the U. of Montreal defeated Don Rankin of McGill. Bernard did more swinging than boxing and was rather wild but landed enough punch to win.

Wrestling came next and Southern the Verdun 135 pounds secured a decision over H. Clement of McGill. Although he did not win, Greenberg of McGill won the next match which was in the 126 lb. class. An extra period was called but no falls taken.

### CAMERON



Guards the nets. A valuable addition to the squad.

The next two numbers were boxing. In the first Musselman put up a plucky fight against a stockier opponent J. Borden of Verdun who won the decision in three well fought rounds. P. St. Germaine, the Verdun 126 pounder, received a decision over Stein in a fast bout with little heavy hitting. The heaviest of the programme Rattelle of Massicot Club and M. McLeod of McGill, 175 pounds, put on a bout which had little hitting in the first two rounds, but warmed up a little in the last when Rattelle began forcing and won the award.

In the 135 lb wrestling McAvoy of McGill secured one fall in seven minutes giving him the decision over Barry of Nationale A. A. Wood and Bryant two featherweights from McGill gave a fast and interesting six minutes of wrestling which ended in a draw.

Probably the best bout of the evening was the 147 lb one between Twizell of Kings Club and Taylor of McGill. The bout was hard and fast for three rounds without a shade for either man. An extra round was called and both men went into it as though they had a deadly grudge against each other. Taylor's clean hitting and his nice right upper cut got him the round. The next number was a rather good dancing act but little punching. W. Parisian of Verdun A. C. and Dixon of McGill 128 pounds participated in this event. Dixon was landed about two-thirds of the blows won this bout.

Dogal Stockton the Canadian Olympic 155 lb wrestler secured two falls on Dimitre of McGill, in five minutes. The first was with a cradle and the second with a near nelson and waist hold.

In the semi-final boxing 126 lbs. Connor of Verdun defeated Cope of McGill. Connor had a shade on every round. The feature and final bout was between Geo. Ashe of N. A. A. and Marshall of McGill in the 160 class. It was necessary to go an extra round in this bout in which round most of the fighting of the bout was done. Marshall received the decision on his cleaner hitting and clever covering.

The semi-final wrestling was of short duration, L. Adams of McGill who had about eight pounds on his opponent Beaubien of U. of Montreal, succeeded in pinning the latter's shoulders to the mat twice in a minute and one-half. In the final match of the evening Captain Cowley of the Montreal Harbour Police was conceded a fall on MacNaughton, of McGill, who had his shoulder strained making it necessary to stop the hold. This was the only fall in the match as Cowley was given the decision.

### ABBOTT



Star forward of the senior team. Playing centre.

## McGILL SKIERS IN TWO MEETS

**One Will Compete in Quebec Other in Lake Placid**

On Tues. Dec. 30, the McGill team will compete at Quebec City with the leading universities of the continent in a ski and snowshoe meet held by the Chateau Frontenac. The McGill Ski and Snowshoe Club will send a team of three men: "Phil" Waite, ski jumper, W. Thomson, cross country skier, and T. M. Brown, also cross country runner. Among other universities competing are U. of Montreal, Dartmouth, Laval University, Williams and Middleburg.

The morning event will be the ski race of 5 miles. In the afternoon the ski jumping event will be held. In the former event, McGill will be represented by two men, in the latter one man will wear McGill colours.

Another group of McGill skiers will travel to Lake Placid to enter to Lake Placid meet. The red and white representatives will not compete for the cup as they will enter individual events and will not comprise a team. This meet is being promoted by the Snowbirds Club of Lake Placid.

It was the day of the school concert, and the audience consisted mainly of mothers, proud or envious, according to the parts that their children were playing.

One small boy came on to the platform. Striking a bold attitude, he began:

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears!"

Whereupon one of the mothers turned to her companion.

"There, that's the Joneses' boy," she said tartly. "He wouldn't be his mother's son if he weren't trying to borrow something!"—Reformed Church Messenger.

## Frank Shaughnessy



At the present time preoccupied with building up a senior hockey squad.



## NOTICES



### CHRISTMAS HOCKEY

All those students who intend remaining in the city during the Xmas holidays and who wish to play hockey are requested to sign the sheets which will be found on the notice boards of the various buildings. If it is found that a sufficient number are interested an inter-faculty league will be drawn up with the main purpose of giving practice to those intending to play class hockey. These sheets should be signed immediately.

### CLASS HOCKEY

No class practices will be held during the holidays. Those desiring to play, however, are requested to place their names on the "Christmas Hockey" sheets posted on the notice boards in the various buildings.

### PHYSICAL SOCIETY McGILL UNIVERSITY

There will be a joint meeting of the Physical Society and the Radio Society on to-day, December 19th, 1924, at 5 p.m. in the MacDonald Physics Building.

MR. W. B. CARTMEL of the Northern Electric Company will deliver an address on **Radio Receiving Sets** With Special Reference to Radio Frequency Amplification

All interested are cordially invited to attend.

M. S. HOME,  
Secretary.

### EXAM. PAPERS

Bound copies of last year's Examination Papers can now be had from the Bursar's Office.

Arts 1 and 2, and Comm. 50 cts.  
Arts 3 and 4—50 cts.  
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Sci. 3—30 cts.  
Sci. 4—50 cts.  
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### NOTICE TO AMERICAN STUDENTS

All those going home through New York State and travelling over Delaware and Hudson Railroad, let their tickets from Delaware and Hudson Railroad office St. James St.

Ask for Mr. H. J. A. Smith. He will group all students together.

### CHESS CLUB

The match with the Nationale Chess Club will take place Tuesday, Dec. 23 at 8 p.m. at the Nationale A. A. A., 80 Cherrier St.

The following will represent McGill:—Prof. Slack, A. Garelick, L. Kursner, H. Lidsky, I. Eichenberg, A. Edel. These players are requested to get in touch with the Secretary, A. Edel (Plateau 5439) some time to-day.

### ART WORK

All those who intend to submit art work for the Annual should endeavor to do so during the Christmas Holidays. The Annual Board Room will be open during the Xmas holidays.

### SPORT WRITE-UPS

The following men are reminded that the Annual Board would appreciate if they would present their write-ups at the earliest opportunity. J. Gordon. . . . . Golf, C. Brain. . . . . Harriers, R. S. Schellner. . . . . Soccer, J. R. Lochead. . . . . English Rugby, G. Copping. . . . . Junior and Intermediate Rugby.

### OUT OF TOWN STUDENTS

Anyone who is going home for the holidays and who might be able to get out of town advertisements for the Annual should get in touch at once with the advertising manager.

### ATTENTION PHARMACY!

Will the pharmacy representative to the Annual Board please call at porter's office in the Union and obtain a parcel with instructions. If any additional information is required please communicate with the publicity editor, West. 8715

### MUSICAL CLUB CONCERT

A complete concert will be broadcast from the McGill Radio Club's station in Westmount, next Monday, December 29th, by the McGill Musical Club. The programme, besides including piano and violin solos, will consist of vocal selections by a well-known Montreal lady.

### BASKETBALL PRACTICE

The Senior and Intermediate "A" Basketball teams will practice at the High School, Friday December 19th, at 5.30 p.m. There will be practice for all members of the Junior, Intermediate and Senior Teams, who are in the City, Tuesday December 23rd, and 30th, at the High School at 5 p.m.

(Signed) F. M. VAN WAGNER.

### CHRISTMAS HOCKEY LEAGUE

Schedules and groupings for the Christmas Hockey League will be posted in the Union to-day.

## YOUNG MEN'S FORUM TO HEAR MR. PATON

Lewis Paton, M.A., one of England's noted schoolmasters, who recently delivered a remarkable course of three lectures on "Adolescence" at this University, will speak before the Young Men's Forum at the Central Y. M. C. A., next Sunday afternoon at four o'clock. He has chosen for his subject "A Niche without a Sahit", and his address will be followed by a discussion period.

Mr. Paton is already well known in the University. In England he has had a distinguished career as an educationalist, and for the last twenty-one years he was headmaster of Manchester Grammar School from which he retired a short while ago.

### FOR ZERO WEATHER ONLY

John—"I just bought a new suit with two pairs of pants."  
Jim—"Well, how do you like it?"  
John—"Fine only it's too hot wearing two pairs."—Novelty (Ohio) Humble.

Conch Shaughnessy states that he will put the men through stiff work outs between now and the end of the month, and, by the time the team leaves for its foreign invasion he expects that the weak points in the team, which came to light in Monday's game will have been effectively eradicated. It is quite possible that the squad will be greatly strengthened on its Christmas trip by the addition of two of last year's team who are still at the University, but ineligible to play in Canadian inter-collegiate competition. Dempsey, who so successfully captained last year's squad on the defence, may accompany the team, and Don Glennie, the pick of last year's forward line, and the fastest skater on the team, may put additional punch into the attack of the offensive when the team meets its American opponents.

## Commonly Called Filler

### THE DUMBEST OF THE DUMB

Long they talked together  
With wit no depths could plumb;  
He, a pleasure-seeking fellow  
She, the dumbest of the dumb,  
You'll find her sort brever.  
With their little wad of gum,  
Using the current anecdotes:  
The dumbest of the dumb.

In all the dance pavilions  
These flappers go and come;  
And tho' they think they're witty,  
They're the dumbest of the dumb.

They hook upon young fellows  
Whose breath is strong of rum,  
And try their girlish glances,  
These dumbest of the dumb.

They scintillate and oscillate  
And sparkle through the room;  
But tho' they're nice to cuddle  
They're the dumbest of the dumb.

And tho' they nab us fellows  
Very few of us succumb;  
For most of us see nothing  
In the dumbest of the dumb.

In New York they're called Dumb  
Doras;  
On their "ukes" they always strum,  
And try to hook young millionaires.  
These dumbest of the dumb.

And finally a fellow,  
When he takes a wife "to hum,"  
Takes an honest, pretty country girl—  
Not the dumbest of the dumb.

Brunswickan.

The lover pored over the closely written sheets he held in his hand, and sighed ecstatically.

"Did you ever get a letter that brought back visions of the past?" he asked.

"Yes," grunted his prosaic friend. "Only this morning the income tax people notified me I was \$20 shy on my last year's return."—American Legion Weekly.

### POTALA

A vision clear before me swims  
Of yellow priests chanting hymns  
To the Lama on his gilded throne.  
Who, to the holy gods alone,  
Bears up celestial crafts  
Towards dull Buddha's glance  
Of incense-burning trance;  
About his breast in shroud  
A sleepy swaying cloud  
Of bluishness. While off toward  
The gabled galleries a chord  
Of choir hidden deep, serene  
Behind a gauzy purple screen  
Sinks to the floor below  
Where lotus flowers grow  
And the regents watch the Amban's men  
Apacing to and fro.  
While peasants far below  
Gaze up towards Potala's walls  
And hear the agonizing calls  
Of some poor disobedient monk  
Who under torture vile has sunk  
To hell beneath the monastery.  
In dungeons where the darkness shrieks  
With diabolic revelry,  
And far above the Lama seeks  
Nirvanical perfection.—Alfred Bailey.  
in the Brunswickan.

McConnell:—"I ain't never fell for no woman, nowhere, no time."  
Joe:—"Yes, but man, you may not a' fell, but you sure have done a lot of shippin' an' slidin'."  
—Ex.

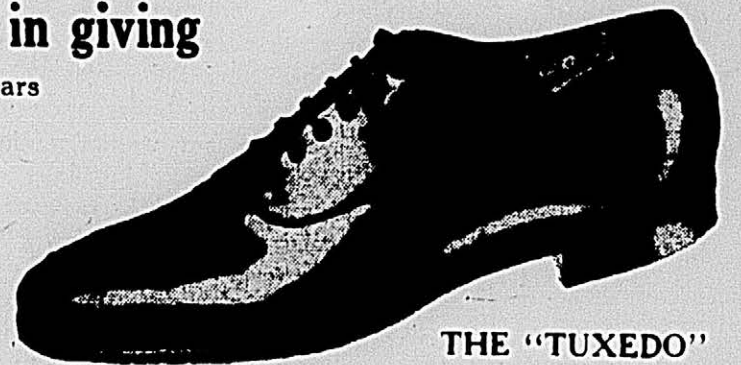
Samson:—"He needs a little encouragement! Why don't you give him some?"  
Dellah:—"Encouragement! He needs a cheering section!"  
—Ex.

He:—"Do you think that you could learn to love me?"  
She:—"I'm afraid not."  
He:—"Tis as I feared, too old to learn."

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## CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS SHOULD USE HELMETS ARMOUR AND GUIDES

In view of the present stage of development of civilization and the many important and beneficial discoveries which have recently been made in almost every field of human endeavor all thinking people must surely be impressed with the great backwardness which is evident in one sense, or perhaps it is an art, which touches very nearly the hearts and also the purses, of practically everybody today. The subject referred to is of course the venerable custom of Christmas shopping.

Many serious casualties both physical and mental might be prevented by the introduction of a few simple regulations for the protection of that very considerable proportion of society which does not "do its Christmas shopping early." All the stores should during the Christmas rush employ traffic policemen. There should also be guides equipped with helmets or better still suits of armour, to lead the bewildered shopper to his destination. They should of course be furnished with typewritten lists of truly practical suggestions for Christmas gifts. Then an article is suggested all necessary accessories should be mentioned with it. For example, with a cross-word puzzle book should be given dictionaries of all the important modern and ancient languages and a set of the Encyclopedia Britannica. Another very acceptable Christmas outfit for a man would be a set consisting of collar buttons, knee pads and a magnet.

The chewing-gum addict (and his friends) would surely appreciate assorted packages of his favourite brands together with blinders and ear-protectors (the last two articles to be ready for distribution among the bystanders when he is indulging in his favourite pastime).

Gifts which delight children are bubble pipe outfits, fish pond games,

plastique, candy of all kinds, the stickier the better. The mother of the children may be supplied with soap, sponge, scrubbing brush, Old Dutch Cleanser and acid paper.

Clerks should be made to take a special course of training in such subjects as etiquette, and the English and French languages. They should also be given endurance tests and exercises to develop their ingenuity. The maxim that "Silence is Golden," should be strongly inculcated within them, so that they will not be tempted to cry out to any who venture near. "Can I do anything for you?" Then the customer will be allowed time to realize what he is buying instead of rushing blindly into a bargain and getting things he has no use for. The mediative person will then have an opportunity to read the latest novels and magazines at no expense without molestation from over-zealous clerks. The shopper who really intends to buy something need only ring a bell which will be supplied for the purpose at each counter to summon clerks to his assistance.

Even if all these reforms could be brought about and a Utopia for Christmas shoppers could be established, Christmas shopping would still require great tact, ingenuity and foresight. The question "to give or not to give" is always difficult to settle, also the problem of how to estimate in advance what a certain friend is likely to spend on one and to gauge one's own expenditures accordingly. If one wishes to cut down expenses in a certain quarter it is advisable to send off small presents thither very early and thus forestall a large outlay upon oneself. If such rules are carefully observed the conscientious shopper may surely expect a really "Merry Christmas," characterized by peace on earth and good will toward men.—J.S.A.

## Bachelorhood vs. Matrimony

About once a week every social philosopher who edifies the public with his effusions in the columns of the more sensational Sunday supplements makes a profound discovery. A recent issue of a Hearst edition contains a number of startling revelations as to the dangers in the persistent and increasing tendency of the modern man's preference for the tranquillity of bachelorhood to the doubtful bliss of matrimony.

If we accept the inferences of our glib Sunday supplement philosopher, this preference for the celibate state is a new thing. And like the ravages of some malignant disease, hitherto unknown to medical science, this social malady is destined to sweep through society leaving a memory of desolation and horror such as may indeed recall the stark terrors of the Black Death.

But, to borrow a bit of pithy slang in getting at this profound question, we should worry. Condition may change, but man is ever the same. At least the basic qualities of human nature have remained fairly constant for a last 500,000 years. With a little more evidence at hand in way of prehistoric bones and jars, we could prove that many of the brothers and first cousins of the Phil Down Man were incorrigible Benedicts, preferring long and glorious carousals in their caves to the sober duties and responsibilities of steady going family men.

At any rate, Shakespeare, who comes closer to any other genius that ever lived in saying the last word on every subject worth talking about, could have spared our Sunday alarmist most of his pains. Shakespeare had pretty much the same thing in mind when he wrote:

"As a walled town is more worthy than a village, so is the forehead of

a married man more honorable than the bare brow of a bachelor."

After a heated discussion and an excellent luncheon Conference of Methodist Ministers a short time ago passed a report embodying a clause which vitally affects the life of young America. Bravely facing the storm of criticism it knew would be heaped on its head by the boys and girls of the younger generation and by the owners of Rent-a-Ford companies, the conference passed the resolution: "Petting parties must cease!"

This question of petting parties is a serious one. For ages it has been an outstanding mark of one's intellectual advancement to declare, "Petting parties must cease!" Soocrates is the first philosopher recorded in history as having made this statement; but learned scholars who have devoted a lifetime to an investigation of the subject are convinced that the Greek philosopher committed a plagiarism by copying the statement from the hieroglyphics of some learned caveman. Communes, the first great French historian, after betraying his master, Charles of Burgundy, to his death at the hands of Louis XII, pauses to write in his memoirs: "Our age is so impaired and our bodies have degenerated and grown weaker due to the thoughtless life of our children." Even the immortal George Washington is reported to have said to Thomas Jefferson one afternoon while pouring his coffee into his saucer and blowing on it for cooling purposes that: "Love isn't the same grand, sublime thing, Tommy, as it was when Martha and I were hitched!"

Really, petting parties should be abolished; but neither a resolution of a ministers' conference nor of the legislature can bring about the desired result.—Daily Texan.

### IMPOSSIBLE Q.E.D.

It was the custom of the immortal Socrates to foregather with a circle of philosophers and geometers about a convivial bowl, drawing inspiration from the vintage of Bacchus, nevertheless having a corking time. After the tenth round he would rise—for it is written that he always could rise—and address the symposium.

"I move," he would say, "that this circle go home and square itself!"

And so seriously did the multitude take him that the squaring of the circle grew to be considered impossible, yea, even unto this day.—Everybody's Magazine.

### BRIGHT

"You seem a bright little boy. I suppose you have a very good place in your class?"

"Oh, yes. I sit right by the stove."—Vikings (Christiania).

### ALMOST AS BAD AS VIVID SECTION

"What are you crying for, my lad?"

"Cause farver's invented a new soap substitoot, an' every time a customer comes in I get washed as an advertisement!"—Boston Transcript.

### LACK OF EVIDENCE

A youth seated himself in a dentist's chair. He wore a wonderful shirt of striped silk and an even more wonderful checked suit. He had the vacant stare that goes with both.

"I'm afraid to give him gas," the dentist said to his assistant.

"Why?" asked the assistant.

"Well," said the dentist, "how will I know when he is unconscious?"—Store Chat.

### CONGRATULATIONS

"Are you still engaged to Miss Redwitz?"

"No."

"You lucky man! How did you get out of it?"

"I married her."—Nagel's Lustige Welt (Berlin).

### EDUCATIONAL NOTE

A newly discovered product from whale oil is announced, which is stated to have a stimulating effect on the brain. Probably due to the fact that whales move about in schools.—The Humourist (London).

"Would you like to dance this one?"

"Pee. Would you mind asking some one for me?"

## It Might Exist At Any Of The Modern Colleges

By Charles Dee

The University of Montoronto is an ideal place of learning. At least it is in the opinion of the professors and graduates—also the various deans. In its time, it has attracted student's parents from all over the world. It is a modern University conducted along strictly American lines, carried to a point far above all others—from the standpoint of its directors.

A casual visitor would notice no difference between it and any other institute, unless he became a student. But the students know the difference. The Board of Directors formed a series of rules, some of which follow, and which have been rigidly enforced:—

1—"All students must report at the University by 9 A.M., with parent's certificate to say that they went to bed at 10 the previous evening. The usual 7-8 absence (of certificate) is allowed. This helps to brighten the student." It certainly does, enabling him to imitate handwriting in approved style.

2—"Students must procure 7-8 of the daily papers produced by the University, and must spend from 9 until 9.05 reading same, and no longer. This was easily enforced until cross-word puzzles started.

3—"Only one yawn in eight lectures is allowed to each student." This no doubt, to teach the students how to conceal them.

4—"Students must deposit their watches with the check assistant, to prevent them looking at them during the lecture." Ankle watches on women students, curiously enough, are not mentioned. The professors don't mind this kind.

5—"Students must spend two hours a day in the library, 7-8 of the days of the year." This is to help them in their studies. The students are certainly taught how to fit out understudies.

6—"Gymnasium is, of course, compulsory, and students must bring a certificate showing that they have performed the 'chaining the bar' experiment on the roof of the barn twice a day, 7-8 days of the year.

7—"Students must have dinner at the Onion Cafeteria 7-8 of the session week-days. At this dinner they must eat 50 per cent brown bread and 75 per cent of their desserts must be prunes; or crackers and yeast. Students must clear up their plates. (This rule became hard to enforce until the students introduced a pet mascot dog, as scavenger. The first dog died of apoplexy. Many have followed suit. Now they have a Boston bull, which eats anything except, of course, beef. It is not a cannibal.

8—"Students must show that they have walked at least two miles every day. Pedometers were bought by the faculty and distributed among the students. Many tacked the things on their pets, and ran up as much as twenty-five miles a day.

9—"When Shakespeare companies, or other arrangements, visited the local theatre, students had to attend 7-8 of the performances. (This was easy because all they had to do was to teach their understudies how to yell the College yell).

There were a multitude of other rules which were accepted and which covered a period of time in the student's day, reaching from 12.01 a.m. to 11.59 p.m. Truly, it was a wonderful university, and taught all the students remarkable methods of getting through the World with as little trouble as possible, and also how to live in calm and musical (singing) comfort, with no income tax to pay, no coal to buy nor matrimonial expenses to consider.

I forgot to mention, that it was a strict rule in the University, that each student had to say "Merry Christmas" to 7-8 of his associates, on the last day of lectures, and had to spend 7-8 of his last week's allowance on presents for his darling mummy, papa, and dear little sister and brother.

### BEFORE DAWN

Dim-berried is the mistletoe  
With globes of rheumless green,  
The holly mid ten thousand thorns  
Smolders its fire away:  
This Christmas day.

Bull unto bull with hollow throat  
Makes echo every hill.  
Cold sheep in pastures thick with snow  
The air with beatings fill;  
While of his mother's heart this Babe  
Takes his sweet will.

All flowers and butterflies he hid  
The blackbird and the thrush  
Eke but a little as they fat  
Restless from bush to bush;  
Even to the robin Gabriel hath  
Cried softly, "Hush!"

Now night is as it with burning stars  
In darkness of the snow;  
Burdened with frankincense and myrrh  
And gold the Strangers go  
Into a dusk where one dim lamp  
Burns faintly Lo!

No snowdrop yet its small head nods,  
In winds of winter drear;  
No lark as easement in the sky  
Sings mottled shrill and clear;  
Yet in the frozen milk the Dawn  
Breathes, Spring is here.

Walter de la Mare

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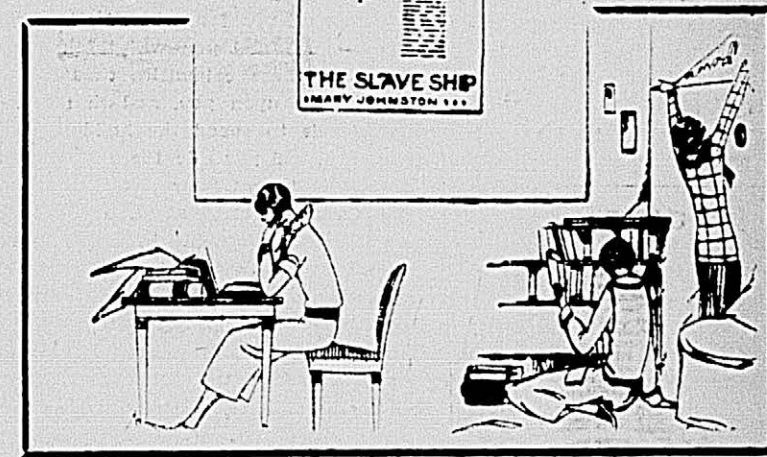
"The White Monkey" by John Galsworthy.  
A condemnation of outworn Victorian conventions.

"The Slave Ship" by Mary Johnston.  
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## ENTERTAINING YE MERRY LASSIE IN YULETIDE FASHION

The prodigals are returning to the paternal roost and the fatted gobbler will be killed and the sound of the rejoicings will be heard far into the still night. The holidays are here and the waywards return from the cruel city and the wild college life to fall upon the paternal neck and spend two happy weeks beside the old fireside. Alas, often they are not two weeks of happiness. How come? I can hear on all sides. Well tune in on my wave length and I'll tell you.

First of all, during the holidays there is the nasty business of wishing all and sundry a merry Christmas and a happy New Year or is it a happy Christmas and a Merry New Year? It does not matter. It remains that it is necessary to do it. A man hasn't a moment of peace. Someone is always running up and wringing your hand and muttering something about the compliments of the season, half of which he does not mean at all. It is a bad business at best.

This misfortune, however, is unfortunately the smallest of the many distressing things that have to be tolerated during the festive season. Picture, if you can, the young Sophomore, in Arts, whose father, taken down at the last moment with the D.T.'s (another calamity that comes with the holidays) is forced to take over the all-important job on interpreting the role of Santa Claus for the happy children. Most of us do not mind dressing up and burlesquing good old St. Nicholas, but sliding down a chimney that has probably not been swept for several years is not our conception of good clean sport. Then there is the ridiculous moment when the whiskers fall off and the treachery is discovered. At best, it's a nasty job.

But there are things worse than this; things that call for superhuman self control, patience, politeness and general qualities not generally found in the ordinary student. Probably there is nothing that will take a man down more than being forced to tow around his sister's girl friend during the entire Christmas celebration. This at first may appear to be a pleasant enough job, but the shock generally comes when you lay eyes on the friend. Sisters have a very disagreeable habit of being bad pickers from the brother's point of view, and having this friend thrust upon you at a time when all should be happiness and merriment is a terrible fate. True, some times the girl is what might be called a "helldamner," but the occasion is rare. For the most part, she is the kind that you could introduce to your mother and all that sort of rot, and incidentally is not an interesting companion for the functions of the holidays. We know of many stories of how students are driven to crime because of this nefarious practice of the loving sister. We suspect also that the New Year's

shootings that we read so much about in the papers is directly the result of this. It seems too bad that there should be so much unhappiness in the world at a time when all should be joy and happiness (beautiful thought). In this respect, we offer some advice to the homecomers. If, by any chance, the news should leak through that sister's friend is coming for the holidays, we advise you in all sincerity to stay in Montreal and to spend New Year's Eve in Childs, where at least you will be able to get a laugh and if you are lucky an overcoat. (old joke). If you go home, we suggest that you do a little shooting, although it is claimed that drowning is an easier death.

There is always, too, the thought of the approaching exams to make you miserable. For this we can offer no advice, for as you may have surmised, we are in much the same predicament. A modest proposal would be something in the same line as the last suggestions, to wit: shooting or drowning. We do not deny that we have considered this very seriously.

For those who come from the outlying districts, as a well-known physics professor calls them, their troubles are rather confined to work around the farm. I suppose it they like this work as a change it is all right but I doubt very much if they can find any pleasure in milking cows after sipping coffee at the Jazz Teas. Moreover, chopping wood demands a rather heavier stroke than making the pink ball in snooker, and is apt to become an irksome job. However, if there is an axe to grind, by all means turn the stone. The exercise will do you good. We know what we'd do, though. You may be called upon to kill a few chickens. There are as you know two methods, the gentle art of wringing the chickens' neck and the other of decapitating it with a good stout axe. If any of your ancestors were in the French Revolution, you will probably choose the latter method, but we advise the former for its good practice in wrestling. Run ten miles every day. You will be away from the house and will not have to listen to everybody saying "and many of 'em" at least a hundred times.

To conclude (at last) we hope that, as the old saying went, "forewarned is forearmed" or was it four warned is four armed (it doesn't matter) and you will think seriously over these calamities that are likely to fall upon you, and that you may decide to spend the holidays in the city. If you do there is no better place to get your meals than at the Custer Hotel on City Councilors Street, operated by Jos. Leboeuf. Come and have a real Christmas dinner at Hotel Custer for one dollar. Note: We do not fine guests for staining on the table cloth. (Advt.)

## Parliaments then and now

The evolution of Mock Parliaments at McGill presents itself as a subject upon which much might be said. Those who are familiar with the present sessions of that body and the efficiency and seriousness of the debates that take place will realize what a far cry the present "Mocks" are from the days when the meetings of the McGill politicians were, in the fullest extreme, nothing but mockery and elaborate buffoonery. One is told too, that in those days the members used to have rare evenings of mirth and fun, and this is borne out by consultation of the Daily files which tell of the Government "Surviving a Wild Session" and the discussion of problems such as "Longer Skirts for Co-eds," "Abolition of Smoking" and of "Movie Censorship."

Good as these sessions may have been there is not the least doubt that those of to-day by far excel them. It is true perhaps that in those far off days the sessions may have been better attended. It is also true that excitement may have been more intense and that chairs were broken and all the elements of low comedy were brought in. But how much better is the "Mock" now with its clearly-defined problems, its interest in problems of more than passing importance, and its coalitions and divisions which provide all the fun, and yet all the proper atmosphere of the real House of Parliament of the Dominion.

On Thursday, February 22, 1921, a rather frisky session of the "Mock" was held and the Daily reports the following: "The session of the Mock Parliament held in the Union last night proved quite spirited, though a division on the main bill before the house was postponed due to the desire of both Government and Opposition members to be at the C.P.R. station in time to cheer the teams leaving for Toronto." This reflects indeed the attitude of the Parliaments of old. And yet one must not condemn them too severely. They served their purpose, paved the way for the present institution, and as such must remain and must hold a place in the study of the evolution of McGill politics.

The change too, in the attitude of the press, in the calling of frequent party caucuses, and the working up of enthusiasm among the students in the issues involved, has greatly added to the interest in, and success of, the institution. The time is yet to come, no doubt, when the students will in addition to the interest they take in the body, divide according to the question and not according to the parties with which they sit. The thing may seem impossible, but already there is a tendency towards that and it is to be highly commended.

But what this institution around McGill is doing more than anything else is to foster that interest in national and international questions which every student should have. It is to McGill and similar institutions that Canada looks for her future statesman and if the Parliament is in any way a success it is in the fact that it furnishes a floor where opinions may be voiced and where the embryo statesmen of the Dominion may have their first groundings in Parliamentary procedure and in the essential of true and sane Government. The Parliament is, in fact, more than a mere mockery, and the more this will be realized there will no doubt be greater assurance for the future of this body which is fast making history around college.

Even as it is, things look very bright for the McGill Mock Parliament, not only in the sessions that are to be held after the holiday season this year but in those which will take place in years to come.

PICTURE COMPETITION  
The editors of the Annual regret, that due to the fact that the following classes were unable to comply with its request to have all subscription lists in yesterday noon, they are unable to announce the winner of the free picture competition. Medicine '27; Arts '28; Dent '25, '26, '28; Pharmacy, all; R.V.C. '27; Science '27; Comm. '25; Law '25, '27.

The board hopes that the delinquent classes will hand in their lists to the porter to-day. This is essential, in order that instructions may be given to the printers.

The board also wishes to thank those classes who kindly cooperated and handed in their lists on time, and especially the executives of these classes who canvassed for subscriptions.

THE DYING YEAR  
The flame of the old year is sinking low,  
And with it joys and sorrow go,  
But the spirit of its happy days  
Forever in my memory stays.

Mark Antony may not have been a poker player, but he certainly held some pretty hands in his day.—Ex. of those students who live in Montreal and those who live at a distance certainly do vary, and one sees that there may be some reward for living in a boarding-house two-thirds of a year.

## In Lighter Vein

### THE BANQUET ETIQUETTES

A friendly talk by Professor Chas. Dee; Baccus professor of gastronomy at McGill University, to first year students.

First year students will be persuaded to attend a great many banquets during the second term of their college year, and the science of preparing for such an affair is usually unknown to them, and, as a consequence, they fall into many quagmires, from spilling tea to spilling infinitives.

A student should go without his tea, because he will need all his time for dressing. The first offence usually indulged in is the wearing of any other than a navy-blue suit.

Trousers absolutely must be creased. They should be pinned to the backs of two chairs opposite a trap-door in the ceiling. The student then jumps through the trap-door into his trousers.

And then comes the shirt! It is perhaps unknown to students who have never attended banquets, that makers of dress shirts always stiffen them with a mixture of starch and glue—especially the collar. These manufacturers starch the buttonholes tightly together, and reduce all the surrounding button to a state of petrification. A chisel and a hot iron is the best antidote. Also, the producers of this kind of shirt, take a delight in sticking pins in the cuffs, neck, tails and other sections, so that be sure to sit down at least once before you do so at the banquet, or a severe connection with a pin might perturb you unduly. Pins around the neck look most unsightly, and can be detected without observation by all students except those with rubber necks.

Eyelashes should be black. If they are not so by nature, they should be sent to the dyers. The problem of removing pimples, which are an abomination which usually spoil the appetites of all around you, at the banquet is a difficult matter. They will usually disappear after the application of a hot poker.

The problem of keeping the boots clean is intense, as rubbers are strictly forbidden. The best thing to do is to borrow a cutaneous membrane from the department of zoology. This can be taken off again at the banquet with a vacuum cleaner.

Never start to a banquet until quarter of an hour after it is supposed to begin. You will arrive and find a crowd of brilliantly-dressed individuals stalling about in the rotunda, and trying their best to conceal the fact that they are d-v-i-shy hungry. It is a sin, in modern society, to disclose the fact that you have a petite.

If there is a course in the banquet (once you have sat down), that you don't like, you may dispose of it in an unassuming manner. Oysters may be slid in the boots, peas down your back.

After you have had your "demi-tasse"—a demi-tasse is a half-sized cup half full of a black runny substance not unlike tarvia except that it tastes and smells better—the servant girl (to which you must pay no attention whatsoever)—brings out a glass of wine. Many beginners make the mistake of drinking this off at a gulp, which is a terrible offence. You must take it sip at a time, one for each "toast". A "toast" is not a toast at all unless the room is hot. It may be a "cooking" but it is usually a process of being "smoke-cured", for it is customary to light your tobacco at this time. There is a strict rule of etiquette about this. Only professors and guests of honour are allowed to smoke cigars. Graduate students have the exclusive right to pipe, and others have to smoke cigarettes.

Do not come "not prepared to make a speech." You won't have to make one.

### BEFORE COMING TO COLLEGE

All students should before coming to college, make a point of resurrecting (1) Six antiquated co-ed jokes, (2) two choruses of popular songs (first line only needed), (3) Three of the most popular swear-words, and (4) an acquired ability to punch in the arm.

I will not spend any space on initiation.

Your first experience will probably be with the president who will slap you on the back, and say "how are you, so and so?" You must punch him in the face, or kick him in the ribs, and say "I'm all right, and how do you like college?" He will then start off with a list of professors; and apply to each one adjectives of this nature: dull, troublesome, slackwood, headed, bear after the wimmon, roaring, etc., to which you must elaborate. Then another member of your class pats the president on the head, and you must go through another round of punching, etc. When this is finished, you must elaborate on the statements of the president. You must then turn out for class rugby or informal dancing, it doesn't matter which. You must tell all your companions what a mess you're making of first year, and how hard it is, and

don't forget the swear words. Carry a package of cigarettes with you all ways, and smoke a fag after offering round the package, between every lecture, either in the locker rooms, or the smoking room (if you are driven there).

In the cafeteria, you must crack jokes about college affairs while waiting in the long line at 1 o'clock. While at your table you should talk in a loud voice about the quality of the cabbage, or the peas, or yester-day's version, or kindred affairs.

And, lastly, when you have your class picture, don't forget to join in the sarcastic roar after the two negatives have been taken.—C.D.

### T. L. PATON, M.A.

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"A NICHE WITHOUT A SAINT"

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Season's  
Greetings!

"And so," as Tiny Tim observed "God bless us, everyone."

I, Pierre, most sincerely hope that you may have a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

And I shall be ready and waiting to serve you when you return and to add a few more happy surprises to those of your Christmas season.

Pierre

## Holiday At Home

(Continued from page one)

erless to describe it. The household has never seen its equal. And the remainder of the short two weeks vacation is never dull. How could they be, with the doings of three solid months to tell and hear, (letters are so unsatisfactory) and old friends to meet and messages to deliver, and the countless other errands and joys that crop up during the holidays.

And all too soon, they are on the train, rather overfed, and with a long feeling in their hearts. But they are on the way to "dear old McGill," and soon they are busy comparing notes and experiences. Exams are a week off, and no one is worrying much about them. So the returning undergrads, munch hot dogs and doughnuts and bless Christmas. "Do they enjoy every minute of Christmas at home?" The foolish questions people ask; simply extraordinary.

But, on the other hand, if the same question were put to Montreal students at McGill, what would be their answer? It would, in all probability, still be in the affirmative, but the emphasis might be less vehement than in the case of men and women living outside the city limits.

At this season, the average undergraduate, returning late from an arduous course of lectures at college, is greeted upon entry into the family home, by a chorus of demands for assistance. After gently extracting a cork and two rubber bands from the mouth of a small sister, the victim turns to his labours. He is given a shaky step-ladder, a hammer, and a handful of tacks, and bidden decorate the hall with long strips of evergreen, hung for the meantime around his long suffering neck. No sooner has he mounted his tottering throne, and commenced violent hammering than all lights go out, thanks to the expropriation of an energetic aunt. The victim makes an unpremeditated descent from his lofty perch. (An in-

fant brother, in the midst of a heated game of Blind Man's Buff, has overturned the unstable ladder.) His thoughts remain unexpressed, as the tacks he was temporarily holding in his mouth prevent articulate utterance. As he is still in pitch darkness, he considers the whole effect rather sombrely.

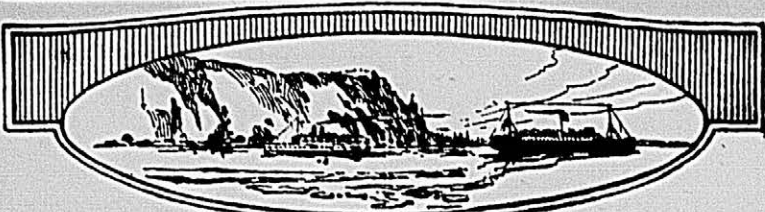
He is hurried from his recumbent attitude on the floor to make two red lights glow where but a green one glowed before. He is requested to clean shoes, bathe the dog, flood the sink, bring the Yule-log to the fireplace, and in general act as Alde-Maison to three sisters, two aunts and a mother, all with artistic ideas at utter variance with one another. An alarm is raised that the wreathes have not come. The speechless sufferer is bound into his coat, and headed up the street, only to be preposterously recalled. The dog, wiser than his master, had retired to rest, using the precious wreathes as a couch. No sooner has he put away his coat than he is again hurried forth to buy Christmas trees.

All the stores have more orders than they can fill. But where there is a will there is a way, and even the hackneyed old motto is sometimes right. An hour later the exhausted youth arrives home with a young pine, purloined from a neighbour's garden, to find the scheme of decorations has been changed in his absence, and his efforts are in vain. Worn out, he falls into the nearest chair, but is doused by a caustic voice (paternal) which asks why, with four finals some ten days away, the son and heir of the house is not at work.... And so the days wear on. Peace can be found in the Union or in the classroom, but work is never ended, no matter how late the distracted student retires.

But on Christmas Day, he takes a rosier view of things. All is over for another year, and she (make it plural to suit your taste) has remembered him. But the next day, driven by the caustic remarks of a family which has seen too much of him of late, he begins to study....

Merely two points of view about Christmas. Bosh, perhaps. In fact it is meant to be, but the holidays





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## PROHIBITION PREFERRED TO COMMISSION

R. V. C. Seniors Win Debate  
From Juniors

NOVEL SUBJECT

**"Resolved That All Government Licensing Laws are Preferable to Prohibition" Is Subject**

Prohibition and the Fourth Year won the day at the meeting of the Delta Sigma Society yesterday afternoon at four o'clock in the R. V. C. Common Room, when members of R. V. C. '25 and '26 met in a counter of wits on the subject: "Resolved that all government licensing laws are preferable to Prohibition."

"Prohibition is the attempt to do away with the entire use, manufacture, and importation of all alcoholic liquors," declared Miss Levikoff of R. V. C. '26 opening the debate for the affirmative. "There can be no morality which is compulsory if alcohol is harmful, it is better to use the pure liquor of Government control than Prohibition, which leads to blindness, black whiskey, the greatest evil of illness and death. Government control brought in four million dollars clear profit to Quebec in the construction of roads. Whereas in the United States, the government spent fifty million dollars in one year to maintain the law. Not only is prohibition a waste of time and money, it is bad for the public morale. Wine flows freely across the border, bootleggers grow rich, it appears smart to break the law, and loss of respect for law and government result."

"Is it logical?" contended Miss Granger of R. V. C. '25, the leader of the negative, to the repeal a law because it is enforced with difficulty? In Ontario there were 1,009 breaches of the Prohibition law and 9,638 breaches of the Motor Vehicle Act. In the latter case there were 8 times more breaches of law. Should therefore the Motor Vehicle Act which the Prohibition is a public safeguard be repealed? Alcohol exerts a pernicious effect on man's physiological structure. Prohibition in New York lowered the death rate from pulmonary tuberculosis from 163 to 59 per hundred thousand. Economically alcohol is Labor's worst enemy lowering the efficiency from 10 to 50 percent and leaving no reserve force or endurance. Ninety percent of crime and poverty is attributable to the use of alcohol. Alcohol closely affects public morals. Commercialized vice and venereal disease follow the liquor traffic. Montreal alone of all the cities of North America has a recognized Red Light District. Miss Granger quoted Prof. J. D. Adams, F. R. S., a former McGill professor to the effect that alcohol impairs racial stock. The essential germ plasma is not inert, but susceptible to physical and chemical agencies such as alcohol that lead to imperfect development.

"The French take wine at every meal," claimed Miss Dougal for the affirmative. "Yes, they have produced Anatole France, Moliere Racine and Sarah Bernhardt. Similarly the Germans drink beer. Yet they have produced great scientists and musicians, planned the war of 1914, and have splendid physique. If alcohol affects the brain and physique should we not use it more? Sacred writers don't forbid its use. Overeating leads to gout and heart failure, oversleeping is injurious. Why not legislate against them? In Switzerland red ink used to colour home brew resulted in a family death. In Quebec we get the pure stuff. Physicians make use of harmful drugs which produce a beneficial effect if taken moderately. Ontario leads in the making of home-brewed beer, 2800 stills being found there recently. Aliens may make the liquor in the U. S. A. but Americans buy and bootleggers sell for twenty-four dollars a quart what in Canada sells for four dollars. King John, Henry the Third, and Edward the Second of England fixed the price of claret thus gringing about a sort of Government control. In conclusion Miss Dougal quoted Sir John Grant. "Abstinence builds character but Prohibition produces Pharisees and law breakers."

"Poisons are forbidden by law. Alcohol is a poison asserted Miss McMaster the last speaker for the negative, who refuted many of her opponent's arguments and urged the necessity of education to combat the selfish desires and emotions of the individual citizens opposed to the welfare of the community. "There is no point," she declared, in referring to the brilliant men of a nation who are the exceptional cases. At a Quebec Liquor Commission store the supply is not limited. Though one can only get one bottle at a time one can go into a store any number of times. The difference between the former saloon and the present tavern is that instead of standing at a bar one can sit at a table. Before the Quebec Liquor Commission Act beer and light wines contained less alcohol. Has drug consumption increased with Prohibition? 66 percent of the arrests for drugs in 1922 took place in government-controlled provinces. The death rate under Prohibition in the U. S. A. was the lowest for twenty years. The four mil-

## FEATURES FOR THEATRE NIGHT

Vaudeville and Burlesque  
Skits are Needed

The McGill 1925 Red and White Revue which will take place in the latter part of March, is to consist of a series of high class vaudeville turns of general, and not necessarily collegiate, interest, and thus make a new departure in the history of this important event in the life of the University. The young ladies from R.V.C. and M.S.P.E. are arranging a number of specialty and solo dances which should prove of special interest.

At a meeting of the Theatre Night executive held yesterday afternoon, Sid Pierce, the producer, emphasized the need of short skits. So far, the best material turned in has been from individuals, and very few faculty skits have been submitted for approval. All sorts of skits, especially vaudeville and burlesque turns are welcome.

The Red and White Revue will take place during the week of March 16, either at His Majesty's Theatre, where there would be three evening and one afternoon performance or at St. Denis, where the show would be staged two nights and a matinee.

It has been definitely settled that the jazz band will play an individual part in the revue and may be selected to play the finale.

Miss Eileen Green, R.V.C., and Miss Helen Tatlow, M.S.P.E. will undertake the joint chairmanship of the committee on costumes and dances. Gordon Hughes will be chairman of the committee on scenery.

Two prizes of ten and five dollars respectively will be given for the two best posters submitted.

So far, fifteen skits and six acts have been submitted to the selection committee for perusal.

## PROF. W. CALDWELL AT KIWANIS YESTERDAY

Prof. W. Caldwell head of the Department of Philosophy was the guest of honor at the annual meeting of the Kiwanis club held in the Windsor hotel yesterday at noon. Although the event was for the most part taken up with the election of officers and the bringing in of reports the retiring president R. Willis called upon Prof. Caldwell to make a few remarks.

"I want to extend to you greetings from McGill and from Europe," Prof. Caldwell declared at the outset of his brief talk. He told of his recent visit abroad, his trip to the various centers where he had interested himself in Y. M. C. A. work and his inspection of boys' camps and the work done for the youth in the countries of western Europe.

Prof. Caldwell paid a tribute to Polish idealism and the great endeavors that are being made there. Buf-feted between Russia and Prussia what has been achieved there is indeed splendid, he declared. Europe indeed, is not going to pieces. There are good things there and the outlook is very optimistic, the professor concluded.

"Socrates, I'm very sorry to hear that you had to bury your wife." "Yassa, boss, I jes had to. She was dead."—Exchange.

Many a fellow who used to walk in the garden with one arm full is now walking the floor with both arms full.—Ex.

tion dollars' profit of the Quebec government cost the consumers 31 million dollars which might have been turned to better uses. Possibly the liquor law was an unqualified success financially as Premier Taschereau stated, but to the brewers. Is Quebec the most temperate province? asks Cardinal Begin. The sale and consumption of liquor had not decreased but increased 800 percent. In Ontario slight intoxication leads to arrest but even violent intoxication is frequently ignored by Quebec police, which accounts for the larger numbers of individual arrests in Ontario. Why does the government, as in Dr. Salechy's case, oppose criticism? Because Quebec political life depends on the liquor business. Officials compiling crime investigations in Montreal show that liquor consumption has not diminished. No reference is made in Child Welfare Reports to alcohol relation to poverty and crime. The government gives \$2,500 to charity. In the government aid on the Child Welfare boards are brewers.

In her rebuttal, Miss Levikoff declared that not drink but depraved inherited character, causes immorality, that alcohol was a slow poison. Many drinkers are congenitally. Excess in everything is criminal. Should a percent of the population interfere with the lawbreakers of the other 96 percent?

"The decision of the Judges was unanimously given to the negative," said Mrs. Carls in pondering the Judges' verdict. "They could have wished however, a higher level of discussion and that the debaters had considered whether virtue is engendered by legislation or education."

## CHESS TEAM TO PLAY TUESDAY

Meets Nationale Team at  
Nationale A.A.A.

The McGill Chess team will meet the Nationale Chess team on Tuesday Dec. 23 at 8 p. m. at the Nationale A. A. A. 50 Cherrier street. This will be the third clash of the McGill men in the Chess "I" of the Montreal Chess League. It is stated that the Nationale men are the strongest contestants in the League and should McGill score a victory over them the local players will be conceded an excellent chance of winning out in the series.

Owing to the many attractions which took place on Wednesday evening last and the fact that several members of the team were unable to play then, when the match was scheduled, it was found necessary to postpone it into the holidays.

Prof. Slack has arranged to be present and will fight for the McGill team. He holds the reputation of never having lost a game in these matches and his assistance will help greatly in what is expected will be the defeat of the Nationale men.

The standing of the McGill team in the league is at present quite on par with the position the other entrants hold and the victory scored by McGill over La Patrie several weeks ago has given the local team a position where, with a little more effort, victory will be assured.

Those who will represent the red and white will be: Prof. Slack, Garelick, Kurner, Lidsky, Edel and Echenberg.

## FELLOWSHIPS ARE OPEN TO WOMEN

Three New Fellowships for  
Women Students

The American Association of University women offering two fellowships for British women of graduate standing, to carry on research work. These are worth one thousand dollars each. One provides for the holder to study for one year in any country other than her own while the other is for research carried on in American Colleges and Universities. Only.

The "Scandinavian Fellowship," is open to all members of Associations or Federations of University women forming branches of the International Federations. The fellowship will be awarded by the Society's committee in Fellowships, by May 1, 1925, and will be tenable at any approved university or institution in a country other than that in which the fellow has received her previous education, or has habitually resided. The tenure of the Fellowship shall be from July, 1925.

Applications for this fellowship should be sent in first to the secretary of the National Association of the Federation of University Women to which the candidate belongs. Each candidate shall describe a scheme of research and submit a dissertation or published work in addition evidence of her ability. At the end of tenure, the Fellow is required to send a report into the Secretary of the International Federation together with a statement by some professor as to its value.

The Rose Sidgwick Memorial Scholarship value one thousand dollars, has been established by American and the American Association of University women, in memory of Rose Sidgwick, a member of the British educational Mission which visited the United States in 1918; and in recognition of her services to the cause of Anglo-American friendship.

## CORRESPONDENCE

Editor  
McGill Daily

Sir:—It has become the practice for certain unscrupulous parties in the Mock Parliament to resort to what might be termed unsportsmanlike, most certainly unfair, methods of trying to get into power or remain in power. I refer, sir, to the fact that for the past few sessions of the "Mock," all of which I have attended, there has been a tendency to bring down men to vote at the last minute. This despicable method was resorted to Wednesday night and fortunately, by a vote of five, victory came to the side that most certainly had an original majority, but which was nearly swamped by the phoning up and gathering together men who had not been present all through the debate.

This, sir, is not only missing the spirit of the Parliament, but is also a great example of unfair play and I hope that some steps will be taken to prevent this occurring again at any of the sessions that will be held after the holiday season.

Thanking you for the space given me in a matter which I consider most vital, I am,

Yours etc,  
Parliamentarian.

It was a dark night and the cyclist was lost. Presently he saw a sign on a post. With great difficulty he climbed the post, struck a match, and read, "wet paint."—Ex.

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7.00 p.m. The Musical Prelude:  
Te Deum and Benedictus..... Edward Elgar  
Carols: Bethlehem.....  
Lullay, lullay.....  
Listen to the Lambs..... R. Nathaniel Lett.

7.30 p.m. Public Worship. Preacher DR. ROBERTS  
Subject of Sermon. "BABIES".

Music: Saint-Saens Christmas Oratorio.

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## Thoughts from the R.V.C.

Those who study Wordsworth's  
poems in one of the numerous courses  
of the English Department, will re-  
member well those lines in the "Ode"  
which run like this:

"It is not now as it hath been of  
yore;

Turn whoso'er I may  
By night or day,

The things which I have seen I  
now can see no more."

and again:

"But yet I know where'er I go

That there hath passed away a  
glory from the earth."

Now Wordsworth has expressed for  
the members of that venerable Insti-  
tution, the R.V.C., a feeling which  
they have not the poetic gift to inter-  
pret, but which they know, alas! too  
well. As I look back to the days  
when as a Freshette I looked up to  
those above me with fear, respect, ad-  
miration, and love, I feel as if indeed  
a certain glory had passed from the  
earth.

Can any of us forget the thrill of  
that first day when we took lunch in  
the Dining Room of the R.V.C., when  
we rose with alacrity and seized the  
empty plate of a dignified Junior,  
bearing it in triumph to a side table?  
Or the pride which filled us when a  
Senior condescended to walk down the  
Campus side by side with a mere  
Freshette?

Well do I remember the day when  
the noble first year defeated the over-  
bearing Sophomores in the ancient  
game of basketball. Our "childish"  
enthusiasm was without bounds. Twenty-  
was all right. Oh yes you  
bet!

And so on—the jolly times at the  
Thursday afternoon meetings when  
we served tea to the Faculty and  
gave up our chairs to upper classmen;  
or the notoriety when as Freshettes  
with green bows and red tams we  
paraded up to the Stadium to cheer  
our new "Alma Mater" on to Victory—  
all was new and wonderful.

Or can we call the reminiscences  
complete if we forget to mention the  
unparalleled thrills of Horace—sung to  
us by that famous Master of ancient  
lays? What an inspiration too was  
it to sit in a class of some five hun-  
dred and to hear of the trials of Beo-  
wulf or the satires of Swift! And  
lastly, can we ever forget those hours  
in the "lab" when we first discovered  
the frailty of glass when brought  
forcibly into contact with porcelain  
sinks?

And so the first year fled by us.  
And we passed on to be Sophomores  
"wise in College learning." But how  
can we admire the Seniors as we did  
of yore—are they not merely the Ju-  
niors of last year? Why! one can  
even greet them familiarly, and per-  
haps sit with them in lectures! And  
as for the Juniors, they are the de-  
tested Sophs whom we knew so well,  
wolves in sheep's clothing as it were.  
Horrible thought! WE are being de-  
tested by the Freshettes at this very  
date!

As for the time when we shall be  
Seniors, it is a distasteful thought and  
a dismal prospect. There will be no  
one to command us—no one to whom  
we can pass on all the responsibility,  
no dignity to respect or fear. WE  
shall be the Senior Year. "Beyond  
that there is nothing but graduation  
and the grave."

"But stop, O Pessimist!" walls the  
overlasting Yea. "Are there no re-  
compenses? Consider a little and  
see."

"Why yes, now that I pause to  
think—as Seniors we shall be rever-  
ed, admired, feared, and perhaps even  
loved by the Freshettes. We shall  
know more than we did three years  
before (although that is not neces-  
sarily a truism). We shall be in posi-  
tions of importance and power in the  
public eye. Above all, we shall occu-  
py the wicker chairs in the Common  
Room with the consciousness of our  
right to do so."

"Can there be any greater bliss than  
that?" the Everlasting Yea presses on.  
Replies defiantly the Everlasting  
Nay. "Yes. It is to be a humble  
Freshie!"

(Afterthought)—Can it be that dis-  
ance lends enchantment? I wonder.  
—Isabelle S. Scriven  
R.V.C. '27.

### ETIQUETTE OF THE HAT

Without consulting any of the au-  
thorities on etiquette, we will answer  
the question, "When is the proper  
time for a man to lift or remove his  
hat?" for the benefit of our readers.  
At the following times and on the fol-  
lowing occasions, respectfully, the  
hat should be removed or lifted as the  
circumstances indicate: When mop-  
ping the brow; when taking a bath;  
when calling; when going to bed;  
when taking up a collection; when hav-  
ing the hair trimmed; when being  
shampooed; and when standing on the  
head—Dodo.

The old lady was timidly inspecting  
the stock of spectacles.  
"How much are these?" she asked,  
selecting a pair.  
"A dollar and a half, madam."  
"And how much without the case?"  
"Well, the case makes little differ-  
ence. Suppose we say \$1.46."  
"What? Is the case only worth five  
cents?"  
"Yes, Madam," firmly.  
"Well, I'm very glad to hear it; it's  
the case I want!"

## What's On

### TO-DAY

5:00—Hockey practice  
5:00—Physical Society  
5:00—University Lodge Meeting.

### COMING

Dec. 20  
Junior Hockey Practice  
Last day of lectures  
Dec. 23  
Chess Club vs. Nationale Club.  
Dec. 29  
Musical Club Concert.

## The Verdant Freshman

(Continued from page one)

doing thus, and consequently so much  
to. Even after that Christmas din-  
ner which a fond mother prepared,  
Euclid retired to his silent room to  
work far into the night under the  
glow of the soft candles. The turkey  
it is true, lay heavy upon his inno-  
cent mind, and the cranberry sauce  
played ring-around-rosy with the ice  
cream, made of cream; but Euclid  
was determined and sacrificed sleep  
and enjoyment to work. In fact he  
polished off two books of Virgil, ran  
over the major portions of the pro-  
ductions of his name-sake, and it is  
said that he even finished the dia-  
gram, which Aristotle was playfully  
drawing in the sand when a tin-  
plated barbarian of Rome thought-  
less peaked through Aristotle's chest  
by making an obnoxious hole with  
his sword.

But holidays come to an end, and  
Euclid, to the smoke of the local ex-  
press, quickly hastened back to seat  
of learning, full of wisdom and  
knowledge. But great was his dis-  
may when he found that he had been

## Shingle Belles

Shingle, Belles, Shingle Belles  
Shingle all the way  
All barber shops are busy  
It's the newest fad to-day.  
Shingle Belles, Shingle Belles  
Right close to your dome;  
O, what fun it is to know  
There's that much less to comb.

### CHRISTMAS DINNER

Lo, now is come our joyful feast.  
Let every man be jolly;  
Each table with ever leaves is dressed,  
And every post with folly.  
Now all our neighbours' chimneys  
Smoke  
And Christmas blocks are burning;  
Their ovens they with bak't meats  
choke,  
And all their spits are turning.  
Without the door let sorrow lie,  
And if for cold it hap to die,  
We'll bury't in a Christmas pye,  
And evermore be merry.

—WITHER

the only one who had even looked  
at a book, let alone study, and in the  
agony of his hour of disillusionment,  
great tears rolled down his cheeks  
and the broadcloth shirt and the  
dotted tie were stained with many  
drops of the lachrymal fluid.

The examinations came. Euclid  
Henry Ford Jones knocked them for  
a row of ash cans and Chinese flour  
pots, getting first-class honors in  
with ease. Among the professors he  
was considered to be the caterpil-  
lar's cuticles, and the round shoe-  
laces; but among the students he  
was gazed upon as a bookworm, an  
eater of dry matter, and an abnormal  
devourer of knowledge. And book-  
worms are obnoxious.

Forty-two thousand years ago, Re-  
velo, the foremost writer of paleozo-  
ic poetry, said, "Bow not down to  
custom, it may lead you astray."  
This is the story of a model youth  
There are none.

When once you have tried our Lunch or Dinner at 60c  
You'll wish some one had "tipped you off" before.

## PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL

17 McGill College Avenue

Just above St. Catherine Street.

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CIGARETTE HOLDER,  
in case, amber with  
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A man's preference is for  
the useful gift, but he's  
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smart, which is exactly  
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Selection at Mappin and  
Webb's is endless, even in  
things at two to ten dol-  
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in cases, from \$6.50.  
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\$3.00. Billfolds and wal-  
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many, many others.

Store open every evening  
until Christmas.

**Mappin & Webb**  
CANADA LIMITED  
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## Suggestions For Christmas Gifts

McGill cushion covers  
McGill pennants  
Waterman pens  
Eversharp pencils  
Framed mottoes  
Loose leaf note books  
"The Garden of Folly"  
By Stephen Leacock

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CHRISTMAS  
GREETING  
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NEW YEAR'S EVE  
at  
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ON DOWNTOWN SQUARE  
"When Youth and Pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing hours with  
flying feet."  
Five Dollars per cover.  
Reservations—Maitre d'Hotel.

## To An Earthworm

In memory of my absent Billie by  
C.D.

(Also for zoological students to take  
in the examination room).

Oh Earthworm, thou art not I ween  
A subject of much adoration  
Yet with my pen, however lean  
I'll write for you an ebullition.

When I look on thee more and more  
Behold your waving cilia,  
Your wonderful coelomic pore  
And brilliant knotted ganglia;

I see a state apparent not  
To ordinary optics,  
Of brownish slime in handsome clot,  
Secreted by your cilia.

The part of you that's white, I trow  
Comes from your glands calciferous,  
What of that dainty food that now  
Proceeds down your oesophagus!

Your head is delicately couched  
In your suber prostomium,  
I view your gizzard nicely pouched,  
Your elegant nephridium.

In summer when pursued by drought  
Your enter in aestivation;  
In winter cold wraps you about  
You spend it all in hibernation.

The wall of your exquisite crop,  
Is thin as yellow tissue paper,  
Your epidermal breathing tops  
That of the frog—informal gaper.

No ruby red heard of in books  
Surpasses your fine haemoglobin,  
Its plasmic cells have elfin looks,  
Far nicer than mere coarse chrema-  
tin.

When I for Christmas hie me home  
I'll think of you, you dear old grubber;  
And when my parents read this poem,  
They'll sure raise h... and start to  
blubber.

## Patience Outweighs College Training

"What the college graduate engaged  
in business or industrial work needs  
to do is to forget the fact that he is  
a college man," was the statement  
made by C. J. Hicks, noted labor au-  
thority, to the Princetonian. Mr.  
Hicks, who is assistant to the Pres-  
ident of the Standard Oil Company,  
went on to say that two years' expe-  
rience "at the bottom rung of the  
ladder," in association with the work-  
ing class, was essential to the uni-  
versity alumnus who expects to ad-  
vance.

"The Standard Oil's policy in re-  
gard to college men," continued Mr.  
Hicks, "is to mix them in with the  
crowd, and to make them forget that  
they ever were anything else than  
working men. We want them—we  
need them, but there is no other  
method. The man who hopes to at-  
tain to a higher office must get in  
with the mass of employees and  
prove his worth to them first. Other-  
wise it is more than probable that he  
will be a victim of the prejudice on  
the part of his fellow workers."

When asked who made the better ex-  
ecutive, the man with a general col-  
lege education, the man with a spe-  
cialized technical training, or the man  
who has worked his way up from the  
ranks, the labor authority replied,  
"As usual, the answer to such a  
question is that one never can tell at  
all definitely. It depends entirely on  
the man himself—on his ability, his  
personality. He may be qualified for  
management in one department and  
yet fall down in another. Many men,  
as you know, with the best sort of  
training and credentials possible, fail  
when it comes to actual practice.  
Others with nothing to speak of in  
the way of higher education make  
good immediately. The Standard Oil,  
like all other firms, is trying to get  
some basis on which to choose men,  
but the system is still largely experi-  
mental."

In discussing the subject of train-  
ing, Mr. Hicks declared that he had  
a great respect for the modern busi-  
ness school, such as those recently  
established at Columbia and Harvard.  
On being asked whether he considered  
a length of time in the industrial  
world preferable to a course in econ-  
omics at college, he maintained that  
though it depends mainly on what one  
is interested in, two or three years in  
a business school added to the study  
of economics would be far more ad-  
visable in most cases than starting  
immediately in the working field.

"Even though the post-graduate  
training at such an institution seems  
to set one back a few years," the  
Standard Oil official said, "I am sure  
that in the end it proves a wise in-  
vestment. In the first two years of  
actual employment the training gain,  
ed there may not seem very profit-  
able, but later the man from business  
school finds himself at an advantage  
and overtakes the untrained men."

"It takes a long time for the fol-  
low with a B.S. or A.B. degree to  
stop thinking of his college curriculum  
and really get assimilated into the  
new scheme of things in a large firm.  
The man who waits, learns the trade  
from his own experience and doesn't  
expect to be considered for the board  
of directors in a few years is bound  
to rise. The fact that men with every  
advantage of modern education, but  
who are impatient, fail in agencies  
where others with less schooling are  
able to succeed is one important rea-  
son for the prejudice which still ex-  
ists among long-standing members of  
a firm against the man fresh from  
college."

## A foretaste only

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